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LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS

EDITED BY

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PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION IN COLUMBIA
UNIVERSITY

JOHN RUSKIN

SESAME AND LILIES

Longmans' English Classics

JOHN RUSKIN'S

SESAME AND LILIES

EDITED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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PREFACE

The guiding principle in the preparation of this edition has been to put before the student as much Ruskin text as possible, dispensing with all comment or explanation that could conceivably be spared. The introduction has, accordingly, made use, wherever that was feasible, of Ruskin's own words; part of the preface of 1871 has been reprinted; the suggestions to teachers have proposed a considerable amount of supplementary reading in other works of Ruskin, and the notes have frequently cited parallel passages for the elucidation of the text in hand. The pupil's native predilection for leaning heavily and exclusively upon the notes has been recognized by referring him occasionally to other sources of information and by asking a question instead of making a statement, wherever such substitution seemed likely to be fruitful.

The text followed has been that of the Brantwood edition, except in the case of material not included in that edition.

The thanks of the editor are due to Professor G. R. Carpenter, the general editor of this series, for much suggestive criticism and counsel.

G. B.

VASSAR COLLEGE;
November, 1905.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION:	
I. Ruskin's Life	ix
II. His Preparation for his Work	x
III. His Descriptive Writing	xxi
IV. His Art-Criticism	xxiv
V. His Social Theories	xxviii
VI. His Influence	xxxiii
EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE OF 1871	xxxvi
SUGGESTIONS FOR READING AND STUDY	xxxvii
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE	liii
SESAME AND LILIES	
PREFACE TO THE SMALL EDITION OF 1882	3
LECTURE I.—Sesame	7
LECTURE II.—Lilies	60
LECTURE III.—The Mystery of Life and its Arts	96
NOTES	133

INTRODUCTION

I. RUSKIN'S LIFE.

The life of Ruskin comes down almost to the present time, since he died in the year 1900. Born in 1819, he lived through a large part of the nineteenth century, and was closely associated with almost all of its great changes, intellectual and social. In the year of his birth the poets Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats were writing, Scott's Waverley novels were appearing, Lamb's *Essays of Elia* and Carlyle's *"Sartor Resartus"* had not yet been published. When he died not only was the work of these writers long finished, but also that of the later nineteenth century novelists and poets, Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti and Matthew Arnold. Ruskin's life thus touched two of the great periods in modern English literature; and had part in all the important social and intellectual changes connected with these two periods.

It is for these reasons that the story of Ruskin's life is interesting, rather than because it deals with any striking or dramatic incidents. Of events, in the usual sense of the term, there are few to chronicle. His education, both at home and at Oxford, his foreign travel, the writing of his books, his lectures, his marriage and his subsequent separation from his wife, his election to the Slade professorship of Fine Arts at Oxford, the death of his parents, comprise its main facts. When, however, we look more closely into the character of these events, their interest and importance are manifest.

II. HIS PREPARATION FOR HIS WORK.

Ruskin's education, for instance, which occupied roughly speaking, the twenty years between 1822 and 1842, was extraordinary. Perhaps no great man ever had a more solitary childhood or one of sterner discipline. It is best described in his own words, from the opening chapters of "*Praeterita*," his unfinished autobiography:—

"My mother's general principles of first treatment were to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and, for the rest, to let me amuse myself as I liked, provided I was neither fretful nor troublesome. But the law was that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed;—and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendor of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy she could find in all the Soho bazaar—as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that would dance, tied to the leg of a chair. I must have been greatly impressed, for I remember well the look of the two figures, as my aunt herself exhibited their virtues. My mother was obliged to accept them; but afterward quietly told me it was not right that I should have them; and I never saw them again.

"Nor did I painfully wish, what I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine, the possession of such things as one saw in toy-shops. I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; and I grew older, I had a cart, and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modes of amusement, but, I still think, entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion; and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the square and comparing the colors of my carpet;—examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite house with rapturous intervals of excitement during the filling of the water-cart, through its leathern pipe, from the dripping iron pot at the pavement edge; or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned till a fountain sprang up

the middle of the street. But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed-covers, dresses, or wall-papers to be examined, were my chief resources, and my attention to the particulars in these was soon so accurate, that when at three and a half I was taken to have my portrait painted by Mr. Northcote, I had not been ten minutes alone with him before I asked him why there were holes in his carpet. The portrait in question represents a very pretty child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad light-blue sash and blue shoes to match; the feet of the child wholesomely large in proportion to its body; and the shoes still more wholesomely large in proportion to the feet. . . .

"We seldom had company, even on week days; and I was never allowed to come down to dessert, until much later in life—when I was able to crack nuts neatly. I was then permitted to come down to crack other people's nuts for them—(I hope they liked the ministration)—but never to have any myself; nor anything else of dainty kind, either then or at other times. Once, at Hunter Street, I recollect my mother giving me three raisins, in the forenoon, out of the store cabinet; and I remember perfectly the first time I tasted custard, in our lodgings in Norfolk Street—where we had gone while the house was being painted, or cleaned, or something. My father was dining in the front room, and did not finish his custard; and my mother brought me the bottom of it into the back room. . . .

"When I was about four years old my father found himself able to buy the lease of a house on Herne Hill, a rustic eminence four miles south of the 'Standard in Cornhill;' of which the leafy seclusion remains, in all essential points of character, unchanged to this day. . . . It had front and back garden in sufficient proportion to its size; the front, richly set with old evergreens, and well-grown acacia and laburnum; the back, seventy yards long by twenty wide, sloping down over all the hill for its pears and apples, which had been chosen with extreme care by our predecessor, (shame on me to forget the name of a man to whom I owe so much!)—and possessing also a strong old mulberry tree, a tall white-heart cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season, (for the ground was wholly beneficent,) with magical splendor of abundant fruit: fresh green, soft amber, and rough-bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendant ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine.

"The differences of primal importance which I observed between

the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get leave if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; if it was said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin Grammar came to supplement the Psalter. I was my own master for at least an hour before half-past one dinner and for the rest of the afternoon. . . .

"In the afternoons, when my father returned (always punctually) from his business, he dined, at half-past four, in the front parlor, my mother sitting beside him to hear the events of the day and give counsel and encouragement with respect to the same. I chiefly the last, for my father was apt to be vexed if orders of sherry fell the least short of their due standard, even for a day or two. I was never present at this time, however, and only avouch what I relate by hearsay and probable conjecture; for between five and six it would have been a grave misdemeanor in me if I so much as approached the parlor door. After that, in summer time, we were all in the garden as long as the day lasted; tea under the white heart cherry tree; or in winter and rough weather, at six o'clock in the drawing-room,—I having my cup of milk, and slice of bread and-butter, in a little recess, with a table in front of it, which was sacred to me; and in which I remained in the evenings as an Indian in a niche, while my mother knitted, and my father read to her and to me, so far as I chose to listen.

"The series of the Waverley novels, then drawing toward close, was still the chief source of delight in all households capable for literature; and I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible. . . .

"Such being the salutary pleasures of Herne Hill, I have now with deeper gratitude to chronicle what I owed to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear by habitual music,—yet in that familiarity revered, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.¹

"This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly.

¹ Compare the 52d paragraph of chapter iii of *Bible of Amos*.

self. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

'In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through, to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation,—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience,—if a passage was loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in being so outspoken. After our chapters, (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed,—none from visitors, who never joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs,—and none from my visitings or excursions, except real travelling,) I had to learn new verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first word to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound.

'It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother has taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious expression of love for the Law of God, in opposition to the abuse of it by modern preachers of what they imagine to be His gospel.

'But it is only by deliberate effort that I recall the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise,—toil on both sides equal,—in which, year after year, my mother forced me to learn these paraphrases, and chapters, (the eighth of 1st Kings being one—remember it, good reader, in a leisure hour!) allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced; while every sentence was repeated to be said over and over again till she was satisfied with the result of it. I recollect a struggle between us of about three weeks, concerning the accent of the 'of' in the lines

'Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?'—

I insisting, partly in childish obstinacy, and partly in true instinct for rhythm, (being wholly careless on the subject both of urns and their contents,) on reciting it with an accented *of*. It was not, say, till after three weeks' labor, that my mother got the accent lightened on the 'of' and laid on the 'ashes,' to her mind. But had it taken three years, she would have done it, having once undertaken to do it. And, assuredly, had she not done it,—well, there is no knowing what would have happened; but I am very thankful she *did*.

"I have just opened my oldest (in use) Bible,—a small, close, and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, in 1816. Yellow, now, with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of 1st Kings, and 32d Deuteronomy, are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, though I learned, she established my soul in life, has just fallen out of my Bible. I will take what indulgence the incurious reader can give me, in printing the list thus accidentally occurrent:

Exodus	chapters	15 and 20th.
2 Samuel	"	1st, from 17th verse to the end.
1 Kings	"	8th.
Psalms	"	23d, 32d, 90th, 91st, 103d, 112th, 119th, 139th.
Proverbs	"	2d, 3d, 8th, 12th.
Isaiah	"	58th.
Matthew	"	5th, 6th, 7th.
Acts	"	26th.
1 Corinthians	"	13th, 15th.
James	"	4th.
Revelation	"	5th, 6th.

"And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, after life,—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people to this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one *essential* part of all my education. . . .

"It was only, I think, after my seventh year . . . that my mother added the Latin lesson to the Bible-reading, and :

erately established the daily routine which was sketched in the foregoing chapter. But it extremely surprises me, in trying, at least for my own amusement, if not the reader's, to finish the sketch to its corners, that I can't recollect now what used to happen first in the morning, except breakfasting in the nursery, and, if my Croydon cousin Bridget happened to be staying with us, quarrelling with her which should have the brownest bits of toast. That must have been later on, though, for I could not have been promoted to assist at the time I am thinking of. Nothing is well clear to me of the day's course, till, after my father had gone to the City by the coach, and my mother's household orders being quickly given, lessons began at half-past nine, with the Bible readings above described, and the two or three verses to be learned by heart, with a course of paraphrase;—then a Latin declension or bit of verb, and eight words of vocabulary from 'Adam's Latin Grammar,' (the best that ever was,) and the rest of the day was my own. Arithmetic was wholesomely remitted till much later; geography I taught myself fast enough in my own way; history was never thought of, beyond what I chose to read of Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather.' Thus, as aforesaid, by noon I was in the garden on fine days, or left my own amusements on wet ones; of which I have farther at once to note that nearly as soon as I could crawl, my toy-bricks of lignum æ had been constant companions: and I am graceless in forgetting what extravagant friend, (I greatly suspect my Croydon aunt,) was afterwards gifted with a two-arched bridge, admirable in fittings of voussoir and keystone, and adjustment of the level courses of masonry with bevelled edges, into which they dovetailed, the style of Waterloo Bridge. Well-made centreings, and a course of inlaid steps down to the water, made this model largely, as accurately, instructive: and I was never weary of building, *unbuilding*,—(it was too strong to be thrown down, but had always *to be taken down*,)—and rebuilding it. This inconceivably passive or rather impassive—contentment in doing, or reading, the same thing over and over again, I perceive to have been a great condition of my future power of getting thoroughly to the bottom of mathematics. . . .

'At six punctually I joined my father and mother at tea, being, in the drawing-room, restricted to the inhabitation of the sacred place above referred to, a recess beside the fire-place, well lighted from the lateral window in the summer evenings, and by the chimney-piece lamp in winter, and out of all inconvenient heat, or hurt-draught. A good writing-table before it shut me well in, and

carried my plate and cup, or books in service. After tea, my father read to my mother what pleased themselves, I picking up what I could, or reading what I liked better instead. Thus I heard all the Shakespeare comedies and historical plays again and again,—Scott, and all ‘Don Quixote,’ a favorite book of my father’s, and at which I could then laugh to ecstasy; now, it is one of the saddest and, in some things, the most offensive of books to me.

“My father was an absolutely beautiful reader of the *best* poet and prose;—of Shakespeare, Pope, Spenser, Byron, and Scott; of Goldsmith, Addison, and Johnson. Lighter ballad poetry had not fineness of ear to do justice to: his sense of the strength and wisdom of true meaning, and of the force of rightly ordered syllables made his delivery of ‘Hamlet,’ ‘Lear,’ ‘Cæsar,’ or ‘Marmion’ melodiously grand and just; but he had no idea of modulation, the refrain of a ballad, and had little patience with the tenor of its sentiment.”

The results of this general training appear plainly in Ruskin’s character and work. The most obvious of the results is perhaps that extraordinary knowledge of the Bible, both in its words and its ideas, which appears in every book he has written. It is not too much to say that no other English writer has quoted from the Bible or referred to it so frequently. To this fact the notes of the present text perhaps bear sufficient witness. Many of the quotations are hardly recognisable as such, being woven into the very texture of the sentences. Thus, the last paragraph of “Queens’ Gardens” is a veritable tissue of Scriptural citations and allusions. “Whom she supposed to be the gardener;” “at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set;” “to see the fruits of the vine-ley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded;” “take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes;” “shall the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, and in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?”—all these references, together with other

is obvious, occur in this single paragraph of about two hundred and fifty words.

The melody of Ruskin's style has also been traced to the training of his ear in childhood by reading and memorising long passages from the Bible. His own statement on this point is that to his learning the whole body of the Scottish paraphrases of the psalms, "together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound." Ruskin's acceptance of the Bible quite literally as the guide of life, and his consequent habit of citing it even in arguments as to what the nation and society at large ought to do, seem to have had their source in this early and long-continued association with its words and ideas. It was to him the final authority with reference to conduct; a general direction what to do; and he reverts continually to the inconsistency between the English disregard of the Bible's precepts in practical matters and the professed belief of the English people "that they are in possession of a Book which tells them, straight from the lips of God, all they ought to do, and need to know." ¹ He refers to the Bible as "the great Book, of which no syllable was ever to be understood but through a deed," ² and declares emphatically that "To these [who believe in it], if to any, I once had hope of addressing, with acceptance, words which inured on the guilt of pride, and the futility of avarice; from these, if from any, I once expected ratification of a political economy, which asserted that the life was more in the meat, and the body than raiment."¹

The precision with which Ruskin was forced by his father to memorise and to read the Bible aloud doubtless contributed in no small degree to establish in him mental habits of exactness and thoroughness. The prime importance of these qualities is emphasised by Ruskin in his discussions of right training in the arts. In "Præ-

¹ *Crown of Wild Olive*, Preface.

² *The Mystery of Life and Its Arts*.

terita" he states the general principle, thus: "My mother was both able to teach me, and resolved that I should learn, absolute accuracy of diction and precision of accent in prose; and made me know, as soon as I could speak plain, what I have in later years tried to enforce on my readers, that accuracy of diction means accuracy of sentiment, and precision of accent, precision of feeling." In the Preface to "Sesame and Lilies" he urges the young gentleman who is studying music to "Get your voice disciplined and clear, and think only of accuracy—the one thing you have to do is to make a clear-voiced little instrument of yourself which other people can entirely depend upon for the note wanted." And of drawing, in the same passage he says, "As soon as you can set down the right shape of anything, and thereby explain its character to another person, . . . you will begin to enjoy the art vividly for your own sake, and all your habits of mind and powers of memory will gain precision." In "The Elements of Drawing" after giving minute directions for looking at a narrow strip of evening sky and gradating "a little space of white paper as evenly as that is gradated," he proposes the task of drawing a common stone precisely as it is, and promises the pupil, "Now if you can draw that stone you can draw anything: I mean, anything that is drawable. Many things (sea foam, for instance) cannot be drawn at all, only the idea of them more or less suggested; but if you can draw the stone *rightly*, everything within reach of art is also within yours." And Wordsworth is praised as distinguished from all other poets "not by power but by exquisite *rightness*" or precision of seeing and saying.

To certain of the restrictions imposed upon the painter Ruskin he himself ascribes what he calls "the main practical faculty of my life," namely "the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind."

The very fact that his playthings were so few focuses

¹ In *Queens' Gardens*.

his attention upon the things about him, the squares and colors of the carpet, the knots in the wood of the floor, the patterns in bed-covers, dresses or wallpapers. In church, we note his joy in his mother's "golden vinaigrette, always indulged to me there and there only, with its lid unclasped that I might see the wreathed open pattern above the sponge," and his delight in "the rich color of the folds and creases" that came in the crimson velvet cushion on the pulpit "when the clergyman thumped it!"

The prohibitions against gathering the fruits of the garden gave him, he affirms, a keener sense of the beauty of its flowers and leaves:—

"My saying 'in Herne Hill garden all fruit was forbidden,' only meant, of course, forbidden unless under defined restriction; which made the various gatherings of each kind in its season a sort of harvest festival; and which had this further good in its apparent severity, that, although in the at last indulgent æras, the peach which my mother gathered for me when she was sure it was ripe, and the cherry pie for which I had chosen the cherries red all round, were, I suppose, of more ethereal flavor to me than they could have been to children allowed to pluck and eat at their will; still, the unalloyed and long continuing pleasure given me by our fruit-tree when in its blossom, not in its bearing. For the general epicurean enjoyment of existence, potatoes well browned, green peas well boiled,—broad beans of the true bitter,—and the pots of damson and currant for whose annual filling we were dependent more on the greengrocer than the garden, were a hundredfold more important to me than the dozen or two of nectarines of which perhaps I might eat the halves of three,—(the other sides mouldy)—or the bushel or two of pears which went directly to the storeshelf. So that, very early indeed in my thoughts of trees, I had got at the principle given me many years afterward in 'Proserpina', that the seeds and fruits of them were for the sake of the flowers, not the flowers for the fruit. The first joy of the year being in its snowdrops, the second, and cardinal one, was in the almond blossom,—every other garden and woodland madness following from that in an unbroken order of kindling flower and shadowy leaf; and for many and many a year to come,—until indeed, the whole of life became autumn to me,—my chief prayer

for the kindness of heaven, in its flowerful seasons, was that the frost might not touch the almond blossom." ¹

This habit of watching things closely and long, since the number of things to see was limited and doing many things was forbidden, doubtless gave rise to the minute observation and precise knowledge of natural objects, a later characteristic of Ruskin both as a descriptive writer and as a critic of painting. "Constantly," he says, "in the garden when the weather was fine, my time there was passed chiefly in the same kind of close watching of the ways of plants. I had not the smallest taste for growing them, or taking care of them, any more than for taking care of the birds, or the trees, or the sky, or the sea. My whole time passed in staring at them, or in wondering at them. In no morbid curiosity, but in admiring wonder I pulled every flower to pieces till I knew all that could be seen of it with child's eyes; and used to lay up little treasures of seeds, by way of pearls and beads,—never with any thought of sowing them." ²

And of the sea he declares that "before everything, at this time, came my pleasure in merely watching the sea. I was not allowed to row, far less to sail, nor to walk near the harbor alone; so that I learned nothing of shipping, or anything else worth learning, but spent four or five hours every day in simply staring and wondering at the sea,—an occupation which never failed me until I was forty. Whenever I could get to a beach it was enough for me to have the waves to look at, and hear, and pursue and fly from. I never took to natural history of shells, or shrimp or weeds, or jelly-fish. Pebbles?—yes if there were any; otherwise, merely stared all day long at the tumbling and creaming strength of the sea." ³

¹ *Præterita*, vol. i, ch. 2.

² *Præterita*, vol. i, ch. 3.

³ *Præterita*, vol. i, ch. 4.

III. HIS DESCRIPTIVE WRITING.

In this "staring all day long" at things which most people pass by with a glance, we find the secret both of Ruskin's love of natural beauty and of his power of describing it to others. As a child he wrote verses; through a considerable portion of his life he drew and painted pictures; but his great artistic achievement is in descriptive prose. "He complained somewhere," says Philip Hamerton, "that his readers missed the arguments in his books, and dashed at the descriptions. A novel complaint truly! What author but Mr. Ruskin ever found his descriptions dangerously seductive? Other people's descriptions are skipped habitually by the prudent reader. Mr. Ruskin's, it appears, do positive injury to the graver and more argumentative parts of his writings. He is decidedly the first author who has made landscape description too attractive."¹ Matthew Arnold praises² "the genius, the feeling, the temperament" of Ruskin as displayed in his descriptions, while Mr. George Saintsbury affirms that *The Stones of Venice* is "*the book of descriptive prose in English, and all others toil after it in vain.*"³

Of all the elements in natural scenery mountains were perhaps the most intensely loved by Ruskin. "To myself," he says,⁴ "mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers, and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting upon

¹ *Thoughts About Art*, ch. v.

² *The Literary Influence of Academies*, in *Essays in Criticism*, first series.

³ *Corrected Impressions*, p. 217.

⁴ *Modern Painters*, vol. iv, part v, ch. 20, § 1.

the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland, or Lincolnshire, or Central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison, and I cannot long endure it. But the slightest rise and fall in the road,—a mossy bank at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow, overhanging it,—a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge,—above all, a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one got to the other side of the trees, will instantly give me intense delight, because the shadow, or the hope, of the hills is in them.”

His first sight of the Alps at Schaffhausen was, he affirms, “not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume,” fixing his destiny “in all of it that was to be sacred and useful.”

“We must have still spent time in town-seeing, for it was drawing toward sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue,—gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent,—suddenly—behold—beyond—

“There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed,—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; nor more awful round heaven, the walls of sacred Death.”¹

The descriptions of the falls of Schaffhausen and of the river Rhone are among the most famous of Ruskin's word-paintings:—

“Stand for half an hour beside the fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken, in pure, polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a

¹ *Præterita*, vol. i, ch. 6.

ne of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unseen
 ept when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling
 ; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves, at
 instant that it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that
 n burn with green fire like so much shattering chrysoprase; and
 y, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray
 os hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind and
 ren away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the
 lling wreaths of the restless, crashing abyss below, the blue of
 water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the
 through white rain-cloud; while the shuddering iris stoops in
 nulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through
 choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among
 thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the
 d water; their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of
 ded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed
 in upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away; the dew gushing
 n their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald
 bage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the
 re, feeding the lichens which chase and checker them with purple
 silver.”¹

For all other rivers there is a surface, and an underneath, and
 vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone flows
 one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, its ethereal self is
 rywhere, the iridescent rush and translucent strength of it blue
 the shore, and radiant to the depth.

Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing, but flying water; not water,
 her,—melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the force of the
 is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the
 , and the continuance of Time.

Waves of clear sea, are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are
 ays coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a
 ond. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and
 ry fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No
 ting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power,
 helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day
 lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash,
 never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-
 wering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue,
 tian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted

¹ *Modern Painters*, vol. i, part ii, sect. v, chap. 2, § 3.

window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it for ever from her snow.

"The innocent way, too, in which the river used to stop to loiter into every little corner. Great torrents always seem angry, and great rivers too often sullen; but there is no anger, no disdain, in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere haste at recovering itself again out of the lake-sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing, fain yet to return and stay. There were pieces of wave that danced all day as if Perdita were looking on to learn there were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through the day and were rippled in layers of overlaid ripples, like crystal sails; there were currents that twisted the light into golden braids, and laid the threads with turquoise enamel; there were strips of stream that had certainly above the lake been mill-streams, and were looking busily for mills to turn again; there were shoots of stream that had once shot fearfully into the air, and now sprang up again laughing that they had only fallen a foot or two;—and in the midst of all this gay glittering and eddied lingering, the noble bearing by of the midmost depth, so mighty, yet so terrorless and harmless, with swallows skimming instead of petrels, and the dear old decrepit town as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire."¹

IV. HIS ART-CRITICISM.

Throughout Ruskin's childhood, his father, a prosperous wine-merchant, took him and his mother every summer on a driving tour for orders, "through half the English counties," ending sometimes with a visit to his aunt in Scotland. At the age of twelve the boy expressed a wish to learn to draw, in order that he might represent some of the scenes of these travels; and lessons began. In spite of the master's inefficiency in some respects, Ruskin notes that "he taught me perspective, at once accurately and simply—an invaluable bit of teaching. It compelled me into swiftness and facility of hand, which I found afterward extremely useful. . . . He cultivated in me,—indeed founded,—the habit of looking for the

¹ *Præterita*, vol. ii, ch. 5.

essential points in the things drawn, . . . and he explained to me the meaning and importance of composition, though he himself could not compose." ¹ A certain quickness of observation and of drawing was fostered by the father's refusal upon the summer trips ever to stop the horses for his son to draw anything, so that he was forced to make "scrawls" as the carriage went along, and work them up out of his head in the evening. Much original drawing was done by Ruskin in this way, and when at home much copying, especially of Turner, since on his thirteenth birthday his father's partner gave him a copy of Rogers's "Italy," and thus, says Ruskin, "determined the main tenor of my life."

It was nearly ten years later, however, in fact in the year 1842, when, after long study of certain sketches of Turner's, the great idea broke upon Ruskin's mind "that these sketches were straight impressions from nature,—not artificial designs, like the Carthages and Romes. And it began to occur to me that perhaps even in the artifice of Turner there might be more truth than I had understood. I was by this time very learned in *his* principles of composition; but it seemed to me that in these later subjects Nature herself was composing with him. Considering of these matters, one day on the road to Norwood, I noticed a bit of ivy round a thorn stem, which seemed, even to my critical judgment, not ill 'composed'; and proceeded to make a light and shade pencil study of it in my gray paper pocket-book, carefully, as if it had been a bit of sculpture, liking it more and more as I drew. When it was done, I saw that I had virtually lost all my time since I was twelve years old, because no one had ever told me to draw what was really there! All my time, I mean, given to drawing as an art; of course I had the records of places, but had never seen the beauty of anything, not even of a stone—how much less of a leaf! ¹

¹ *Præterita*, vol. ii, ch. 4.

Meanwhile he had taken his degree at Oxford, though having lost a year through illness, and started for a summer in Switzerland. Near Fontainebleau one morning in extreme depression of body and mind, he lay on a bank by the roadside looking idly at a little aspen tree on the other side of the road, outlined on a blue sky. The rest of the story Ruskin has told with full sense of its significance in his artistic development:—

“Languidly, but not idly, I began to draw it; and as I drew, the languor passed away: the beautiful lines insisted on being traced—without weariness. More and more beautiful they became, and each rose out of the rest, and took its place in the air. With wonder increasing every instant, I saw that they ‘composed’ themselves by finer laws than any known of men. At last, the tree was there and everything that I had thought before about trees, nowhere.

“The Norwood ivy had not abased me in that final manner because one had always felt that ivy was an ornamental creature and expected it to behave prettily, on occasion. But that all the trees of the wood (for I saw surely that my little aspen was only one of their millions) should be beautiful—more than Gothic tracery, more than Greek vase-imagery, more than the daintiest embroiderers of the East could embroider, or the artfullest painters of the West could limn,—this was indeed an end to all former thought with me, an insight into a new sylvan world.

“Not sylvan only. The woods, which I had only looked on as wilderness, fulfilled I then saw, in their beauty, the same law which guided the clouds, divided the light, and balanced the waves. ‘He hath made everything beautiful, in his time,’ became for me thenceforward the interpretation of the bond between the human mind and all visible things; and I returned along the wood-road feeling that it had led me far;—farther than ever fancy had reached or theodolite measured.”¹

Out of such experiences and thoughts as these, no less than out of his long and patient drawing, his intense application to the principles of art, his close study of Turner’s work and that of contemporary and mediæval paint-

¹ *Præterita*, vol. ii, ch. 4.

grew the volumes of "Modern Painters," the first of which was published a year later in 1843, under the signature "A Graduate of Oxford." The other four volumes appeared under the author's name at long intervals until 1860. The entire work presents Ruskin's principles of art and of art-criticism, as a basis for the estimate of certain nineteenth century English painters, especially Turner. Briefly, these principles are as follows: that art is a revelation of the Divine beauty to mankind; that all men may in receiving and appreciating this revelation become partakers of the Divine nature; that, consequently, the artist's function is to see the Divine beauty in the universe and to represent it truly in his work; that his seeing it depends primarily upon his purity of heart and openness of mind, secondarily upon the training of his eye; that his true representation of it depends upon the precision of seeing and of execution. Painting, of any kind, is no trick, no deception, practiced upon the gullible, no pastime for the painter, but a serious concentration of all his trained powers upon the effort to represent to mankind truthfully the beauty of the universe, which is finally a manifestation of the nature of God. The essential qualities of good painting are directly suggestive of Divine attributes: as unity, of the Divine comprehensiveness; repose, of the Divine permanence; symmetry, of the Divine justice. The artist is thus the mediator of God to man. He who appreciates a work of art receives this revelation.

Plainly neither the creation nor the appreciation of art, according to these conceptions, is possible without previous training both of the physical and the spiritual man. Thus there can be no general appreciation of art among peoples whom the conditions of life make dull, stupid and brutish. If they are enfeebled by starvation, debilitated by excessive toil, perverted in taste by ugly surroundings, and spiritually blinded by the false moral

and economic standards which determine their lives, and even if it were accessible to them, could have for them no revelation. And the ugliness of modern life, the fastness and iniquity of its economic conditions, must not only bar the great masses of the people from appreciating art, but also finally destroy, in the few who might become artists, the clear spiritual vision without which mere technical skill can avail nothing.

V. HIS SOCIAL THEORIES.

Ruskin's belief that social conditions have a direct influence upon both the creation and the appreciation of art led him inevitably to that profound interest in social questions which was characteristic of his later years. The civilization of the nineteenth century seemed to him little better than barbarism. Its locomotive engines defiled the air with their smoke, and deface the most beautiful sections of the earth with their stations and tracks; its factories pollute the streams with refuse and disfigure the landscape with their hideous architecture; its machinery has brought about a deadly competition in which human life is degraded and destroyed. To restore beautiful and healthful conditions for the masses is an imperative duty; and the first step toward this is the encouragement and support of honest, useful labor. In the preface to "The Crown of Wild Olive" Ruskin gives concrete illustrations of what he considers useful and what un-useful work to this end:—

"Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate, starred here and there with white grenouillette; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness; heaps of dust and slime, and broken shreds of

tal, and rags of putrid clothes; they having neither energy to
it it away, nor decency enough to dig it into the ground, thus
ed into the stream, to diffuse what venom of it will float and melt,
away, in all places where God meant those waters to bring joy
d health. And, in a little pool, behind some houses further in
village, where another spring rises, the shattered stones of the
l, and of the little fretted channel which was long ago built and
ced for it by gentler hands, lie scattered, each from each, under
agged bank of mortar, and scoria, and bricklayers' refuse, on
e side, which the clean water nevertheless chastises to purity;
it cannot conquer the dead earth beyond; and there, circled
d coiled under festering scum, the stagnant edge of the pool
aces itself into a slope of black slime, the accumulation of indolent
ars. Half a dozen men, with one day's work, could cleanse those
ols, and trim the flowers about their banks, and make every
ath of summer air above them rich with cool balm; and every
tering wave medicinal, as if it ran, troubled of angels, from the
rch of Bethesda. But that day's work is never given, nor will
nor will any joy be possible to heart of man, forevermore, about
se wells of English waters.

When I last left them, I walked up slowly through the back
ets of Croydon, from the old church to the hospital; and, just
the left, before coming up to the crossing of the High Street,
ere was a new public-house built. And the front of it was built
so wise manner, that a recess of two feet was left below its front
ndows, between them and the street-pavement—a recess too
arrow for any possible use (for even if it had been occupied by a
t, as in old time it might have been, everybody walking along
e street would have fallen over the legs of the reposing wayfarers).
t, by way of making this two feet depth of freehold land more
pressive of the dignity of an establishment for the sale of spirituous
uors, it was fenced from the pavement by an imposing iron rail-
g, having four or five spear-heads to the yard of it, and six feet
gh; containing as much iron and iron-work indeed, as could well
put into the space; and by this stately arrangement, the little
ce of dead ground within, between wall and street, became a
ective receptacle of refuse; cigar-ends, and oyster-shells, and
e like, such as an open-handed English street-populace habitually
tters from its presence, and was thus left, unsweepable by any
linary methods. Now the iron bars which, uselessly (or in great
gree worse than uselessly), inclosed this bit of ground, and made
pestilent, represented a quantity of work which would have

cleansed the Carshalton pools three times over—of work, partly cramped and deadly, in the mine; partly fierce and exhaustive in the furnace; partly foolish and sedentary, of ill-taught students making bad designs: work from the beginning to the last fruits of it, and in all the branches of it, venomous, deathful, and miserable. Now, how did it come to pass that this work was done instead of other; that the strength and life of the English operative was spent in defiling ground, instead of redeeming it; and in producing an entirely (in that place) valueless piece of metal, which could neither be eaten nor breathed, instead of medicinal fresh air, and pure water?"

Ruskin's answer to this question is that the useless work pays a larger percentage to the employer; hence the employer is bound to be done rather than useful work so long as the general public is indifferent in the matter or considers the question to be mainly one of how much the laborer is paid rather than what he does or under what conditions he does it. "It matters little, ultimately," declares Ruskin, "how much a laborer is paid for making anything, but it matters fearfully what the thing is, which he is compelled to make. If his labor is so ordered as to produce food, and fresh air, and fresh water, no matter that his wages are low,—the food and fresh air and water will at last be there; and he will at last get them. But if he is paid to destroy food and fresh air, or to produce iron bars instead of them,—the food and air will finally *not* be there, and he will *not* get them, to his great and final inconvenience. So that, conclusively, in political as well as household economy, the great question is, not so much what money you have in your pocket, as what you will buy with it, and do with it." ¹

In accordance with the fundamental principles that "The real good of all work, and of all commerce, depends on the final worth of the thing you make or get by it," that "Life without industry is guilt; industry without art is brutality," that "There is no wealth but life" and

¹ Preface, *Crown of Wild Olive*.

that "The object of political economy is the continuance not only of life, but of healthy and happy life," Ruskin devoted the last years of his active career to the establishment of right conditions for useful labor. He formed a society called "The Guild of St. George," which bought tracts of land and settled upon them communities somewhat socialistic in organization. The members of the community tilled the ground and carried on certain manufacturing enterprises on a non-competitive basis, the lives of the employees being made as healthful as possible and the things produced being useful and to a degree beautiful. Ruskin's own description of the purposes represented by the guild is as follows:—

"We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched, but the sick; none idle, but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it; but instant obedience to known law, and appointed persons: no equality upon it; but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts, or in boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields,—and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it, and sing it; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots." ¹

"Whatever piece of land we begin work upon, we shall treat thoroughly at once, putting unlimited manual labor on it, until we have every foot of it under as strict care as a flower-garden: and the labourers shall be paid sufficient, unchanging wages; and their children educated compulsorily in agricultural schools inland, and naval schools by the sea, the indispensable first condition of such education being that the boys learn either to ride or to sail; the girls

¹ *Fors Clavigera*, letter v.

to spin, weave, and sew, and at a proper age to cook all ordinary food exquisitely; the youth of both sexes to be disciplined daily in the strictest practice of vocal music; and for morality, to be taught gentleness to all brute creatures,—finished courtesy to each other,—to speak truth with rigid care, and to obey orders with the precision of slaves. Then, as they get older, they are to learn the natural history of the place they live in,—to know Latin, girls and boys both,—and the history of five cities; Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London.¹

To such enterprises as this, and in lesser sums to needs of individuals, Ruskin contributed almost the entire amount of the large fortune left him by his father. Besides money, moreover, he gave lavishly of his own labor, both of brain and of hand. He wrote "*Fors Clavigera*" and "*Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain*," endeavoring to show the causes of the social suffering which distressed him so that, he affirms, "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any,—which is seldom nowadays near London,—has become hateful to me because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly." He established handloom weaving at Langdale, a linen industry at Keswick, and a shop in Paddington Street to sell pure tea without the exorbitant profits demanded by the regular merchants upon their sales of small quantities. He kept clean, sometimes with his own hands, a piece of pavement in a London street, cleared the streets at Carshalton, and at the head of a band of Oxford undergraduates mended a bit of old country road near Oxford which the authorities would not repair. "Quite the hardest bit of manual work I ever did," he says, "was for my mother in the old inn at Sixt, where she alleged the

¹ *Fors Clavigera*, letter viii.

² *Fors Clavigera*, letter i.

one staircase to have become unpleasantly dirty, since last year. Nobody in the inn appearing to think it possible to wash it, I brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard myself, poured them into a beautiful image of Versailles waterworks down the fifteen or twenty steps of the great staircase, and with the strongest broom I could find, cleaned every step into its corners. It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud, from each, with accumulating splash down to the next one." ¹

In his social theories Ruskin acknowledges Carlyle as his master. With Carlyle's denunciation of the present social order and with his belief that the remedy is to be found in work, done under some such healthful and non-competitive conditions as existed in the past, Ruskin is in full sympathy. He goes beyond Carlyle, however, in defining this redemptory work as not only pleasant to the doer but useful and beautiful in its products. And he insists, even more vehemently than does Carlyle, that the responsibility for securing right conditions of work rests with the buyer and consumer finally, since the laborer has no choice and the employer will produce what the public purchases.

VI. HIS INFLUENCE.

In art Ruskin's influence may be traced not only in the work of the so-called Pre-Raphaelites, Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and G. F. Watts, but in that of all modern artists of whatever school who "go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning, rejecting nothing, neglecting nothing, and scorning nothing." That respect for the truth of nature which Ruskin inculcated has, indeed, taken root both in painting and in art-

¹ *Præterita*, vol. ii, ch. 10.

criticism. The teachings of William Morris and the entire "Arts and Crafts" movement for the beautifying of all the means of everyday life were directly inspired by Ruskin. The incredible ugliness of household architecture, furniture, and interior decoration in the early nineteenth century has not altogether passed away, but no longer seems to us beautiful; while hand-work is beginning to be esteemed above the products of machinery, and there seems a prospect, not too remote, of the reunion of artist with artisan.

The growing love of natural beauty and knowledge of out-of-door things at the present time doubtless also owe something to the writings of Ruskin. And there is little question that the popular sense of social injustice and efforts for social betterment characteristic of the last decade have been at least greatly intensified by the wide circulation of Ruskin's ideas upon this subject.

What Ruskin had to teach the world, he has himself summed up for us. The passage represents his "book" as he defines the word in "Sesame and Lilies"¹:

"In rough approximation of date nearest to the completion of the several pieces of my past work, as they are built one on the other—at twenty, I wrote 'Modern Painters'; at thirty, 'The Stones of Venice'; at forty, 'Unto This Last'; at fifty, the Inaugural Oxford lectures; and, if 'Fors Clavigera' is ever finished as I mean, it will mark the mind I had at sixty, and leave me, in my seventh day of life, perhaps—to rest. For the code of all I had to teach will then be in form, as it is now at this hour, in substance, complete."

"'Modern Painters' taught the claim of all lower nature on the hearts of men: of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a part of the necessary spirit life; in all that I now bid you to do, to dress the earth and keep it, I am fulfilling what I then began. 'The Stones of Venice' taught the laws of constructive art, and the dependence of all human work or edifice for its beauty on the happy life of the workman. 'Unto This Last' taught the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice. The Inaugural Oxford

¹ *King's Treasuries*, paragraph 9.

tures taught the necessity that the happy life of the workman should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labor recognized, the upper no less than the lower classes of England. 'Sesame and Lilies' is a part of this gospel. And lastly, 'Fors Clavigera' has declared the relation of these classes to each other, and the only possible conditions of peace and honor, for low and high, rich and poor, together, in the holding of that first estate, under the only spot, God, from which whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythically nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day; and in keeping which service is perfect freedom, and inheritance of all that a loving Creator can give to his creatures, and an immortal Father to his children.

"This, then, is the message which, knowing no more as I unfolded the scroll of it what next would be written there than the blade of grass knows what the form of its fruit shall be, I have been led on, year by year, to speak, even to this its end." ¹

¹ *Fors Clavigera*, vol. vii, letter lxxviii.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE OF 1871

The first Lecture says, or tries to say, that, life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and that valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a just price: but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, at a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed, on the best paper, and strongly bound. And though we are, indeed, now, a wretched and poverty-struck nation, and hardly able to keep soul and body together, still, as no person in decent circumstances would put on his table confessedly bad wine, or bad meat, without being ashamed, so he need not have on his shelves ill-printed or loosely and wretchedly-stitched books; for, though few can be rich, yet every man who honestly exerts himself may, I think, still provide, for himself and his family, good shoes, good gloves, strong harness for his cart or carriage horses, and stout leather binding for his books. And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing, series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a li-

the statue in its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and liberately, with no chance of tearing or dogs' ears.

That is my notion of the founding of Kings' Treasures; and the first Lecture is intended to show somewhat the use and preciousness of their treasures: but the two following ones have wider scope, being written in the hope of awakening the youth of England, so far as my poor words might have any power with them, to take some thought of the purposes of the life into which they are entering, and the nature of the world they have to conquer.

Since that second lecture was written, questions have arisen respecting the education and claims of women which have greatly troubled simple minds and excited restless ones. I am sometimes asked my thoughts on this matter, and I suppose that some girl readers of the second lecture may at the end of it desire to be told summarily what I would have them do and desire in the present state of things. This, then, is what I would say to any girl who had confidence enough in me to believe that I told her, or do what I ask her.

First, be quite sure of one thing, that, however much you may know, and whatever advantages you may possess, and however good you may be, you have not been singled out, by the God who made you, from all the other souls in the world, to be especially informed respecting your own nature and character. You have not been born at a luminous point upon the surface of the globe, where perfect theology might be expounded to you from your birth up, and where everything you were taught would be true, and everything that was enforced upon you, right. All the insolent, all the foolish persuasions that by any chance could enter and hold your empty little heart, this is the proudest and foolishhest—that you have been so

much the darling of the Heavens, and favorite of the Fate as to be born in the very nick of time, and in the punctual place, when and where pure Divine truth had been sifted from the errors of the Nations; and that your papa had been providentially disposed to buy a house in the convenient neighborhood of the steeple under which the Immaculate and final verity would be beautifully proclaimed. Do not think it, child; it is not so. This, on the contrary, is the fact—unpleasant you may think it pleasant, it seems to *me*,—that you, with all your pretty dresses, and dainty looks, and kindly thoughts, and saintly aspirations, are not one whit more thought of or loved by the great Maker and Master than any poor little red, black, or blue savage, running wild in the pestilential woods, or naked on the hot sands of the earth: and that of the two, you probably know less about God than she does; the only difference being that she thinks little of Him that is right, and you, much that is wrong.

That, then, is the first thing to make sure of;—that you are not yet perfectly well informed on the most abstruse of all possible subjects, and that, if you care to behave with modesty or propriety, you had better be silent about it.

The second thing which you may make sure of is, that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and that however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—effort to get quit of them. And so far as you have confidence in me at all, trust me for this, that how many soever you may find of fancy your faults to be, there are only two that are of real consequence—Idleness and Cruelty. Perhaps you may be proud. Well, we can get much good out of pride, if only it be not religious. Perhaps you may be vain: this is highly probable; and very pleasant for the people who like to praise you. Perhaps you are a little envious: that

really very shocking; but then—so is everybody else. Perhaps, also, you are a little malicious, which I am truly concerned to hear, but should probably only the more, if I knew you, enjoy your conversation. But whatever else you may be, you must not be useless, and you must not be cruel. If there is any one point which, in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any others; that His first order is, “Work while you have light;” and His second, “Be merciful while you have mercy.”

“Work while you have light,” especially while you have the light of morning. There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is. They sometimes sentimentally regret their own earlier days; sometimes prudently forget them; often foolishly rebuke the young, often more foolishly indulge, often most foolishly thwart and restrain, but scarcely ever warn or watch them. Remember, then, that I, at least, have warned *you*, that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and lightful; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep, to a rightly-thinking creature, as that of dawn. But not only in that beautiful sense, but in all their character and method, they are to be solemn days. Take your Latin dictionary, and look out “solemnis,” and fix the sense of the word well in your mind, and remember that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow. Now, therefore,

see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature: and in order to do that find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper, and write down as accurately a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at: so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it: as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth-braided always in the morning.

Write down then, frankly, what you are, or, at least what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which I have just told you are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake smooth away; but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for, and can be made into. You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself. Thus, from the beginning, consider all your accomplishments as means of assistance to others; read attentively in this volume, paragraphs 74, 75, 19, and 79, and you will understand what I mean, with respect to languages and music. In music especially you will soon find what personal benefit there is in being serviceable: it is probable that, however limited your powers, you have voice and ear enough to sustain a note of a moderate compass in a concerted piece—that, then, is the first thing to make

you can do. Get your voice disciplined and clear, and think only of accuracy; never of effect or expression: if you have any soul worth expressing it will show itself in your singing; but most likely there are very few feelings in you, at present, needing any particular expression; and the one thing you have to do is to make a clear-voiced musical instrument of yourself, which other people can entirely depend upon for the note wanted. So, in drawing, as soon as you can set down the right shape of anything and thereby explain its character to another person, or make the look of it clear and interesting to a child, you will begin to enjoy the art vividly for its own sake, and your habits of mind and powers of memory will gain precision: but if you only try to make showy drawings for praise, or pretty ones for amusement, your drawing will have little or no real interest for you, and no educational power whatever.

Then, besides this more delicate work, resolve to do every day some that is useful in the vulgar sense. Learn thoroughly the economy of the kitchen; the good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation: when you have time, go and help in the cooking of poorer families, and show them how to make as much of everything as is possible, and how to make little, nice; coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-laid table-cloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. If you manage to get a clean table-cloth, bright plates on it, and a good soup in the middle, of your own cooking, you may ask leave to say a short grace; and let your religious ministrations be confined to that much for the present.

Again, let a certain part of your day (as little as you choose, but not to be broken in upon) be set apart for making strong and pretty dresses for the poor. Learn the sound qualities of all useful stuffs, and make every-

thing of the best you can get, whatever its price. I have many reasons for desiring you to do this,—too many to be told just now,—trust me, and be sure you get even a thing as good as can be: and if, in the villainous state of modern trade, you cannot get it good at any price, buy its raw material, and set some of the poor women about you to spin and weave, till you have got stuff that can be trusted: and then, every day, make some little piece of useful clothing, sewn with your own fingers as strong as it can be stitched; and embroider it or otherwise beautify it moderately with fine needlework, such as a girl may be proud of having done. And accumulate these things by you until you hear of some honest persons in need of clothing, which may often too sorrowfully be; and, even though you should be deceived, and give them to the dishonest, and hear of their being at once taken to the pawnbroker's, never mind that, for the pawnbroker must sell them to some one who has need of them. That is no business of yours; what concerns you is only that when you see a half-naked child, you should have good and free clothes to give it, if its parents will let it be taught to wear them. If they will not, consider how they came to be of such a mind, which it will be wholesome for you to go beyond most subjects of inquiry to ascertain. And after you have gone on doing this a little while, you will begin to understand the meaning of at least one chapter of your Bible, Proverbs xxxi., without need of any labored comment, sermon, or meditation.

In these, then (and of course in all minor ways besides that you can discover in your own household), you must be to the best of your strength usefully employed during the greater part of the day, so that you may be able at the end of it to say, as proudly as any peasant, that you have not eaten the bread of idleness. Then, secondly, said, you are not to be cruel. Perhaps you think there is no chance of your being so; and indeed I hope it is not

ely that you should be deliberately unkind to any creature; but unless you are deliberately kind to every creature, you will often be cruel to many. Cruel, partly through want of imagination (a far rarer and weaker faculty in women than men), and yet more, at the present day, through the subtle encouragement of your selfishness in the religious doctrine that all which we now suppose to be evil will be brought to a good end; doctrine practically issuing, not in less earnest efforts that the immediate unpleasantness may be averted from ourselves, but in our remaining satisfied in the contemplation of its ultimate effects, when it is inflicted on others.

It is not likely that the more accurate methods of recent mental education now will long permit young people to grow up in the persuasion that, in any danger or distress, they may expect to be themselves saved by the providence of God, while those around them are lost by His Improvidence: but they may be yet long restrained from rightly judging action, and long accustomed to endure both their own pain occasionally, and the pain of others always, with an unwise patience, by misconception of the eternal and incurable nature of real evil. Observe, therefore, carefully in this matter: there are degrees of pain, as degrees of faultfulness, which are altogether conquerable, and which seem to be merely forms of wholesome trial or discipline. Your fingers tingle when you go out on a frosty morning, and are all the warmer afterwards; your limbs are weary with wholesome work, and lie down in a pleasanter rest; you are tried for a little while by having to wait for some promised good, and it is all the sweeter when it comes. But you cannot carry the trial past a certain point. Let the cold fasten on your hand in an extreme degree, and your fingers will moulder from their sockets. Fatigue yourself, but once, to utter exhaustion, and to the end of life you shall not recover the former vigour of your frame. Let heart-sickness pass beyond a

certain bitter point, and the heart loses its life forever.

Now, the very definition of evil is in this irremediableness. It means sorrow, or sin, which end in death; assuredly, as far as we know, or can conceive, there are many conditions both of pain and sin which cannot but so end. Of course we are ignorant and blind creature and we cannot know what seeds of good may be present suffering, or present crime; but with what we cannot know, we are not concerned. It is conceivable that murderers and liars may in some distant world be exalted into a higher humanity than they could have reached without homicide or falsehood; but the contingency is not one by which our actions should be guided. There is, indeed, a better hope that the beggar, who lies at our gates in misery, may, within gates of pearl, be comforted, but the Master, whose words are our only authority for thinking so, never Himself inflicted disease as a blessing, nor sent away the hungry unfed, or the wounded unhealed.

Believe me, then, the only right principle of action here is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both; and to strive to promote the one, and to conquer the other, with as hearty endeavor as if there were, indeed, no other world than this. Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones. If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither, if, through years of folly, you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best. I tell you, positively, the world is not so constituted: the consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your own comm

nse and discretion as the excellence and order of the last of a day.

Think carefully and bravely over these things, and you will find them true: having found them so, think also carefully over your own position in life. I assume that you belong to the middle or upper classes, and that you would shrink from descending into a lower sphere. You may fancy you would not: nay, if you are very good, strong-hearted, and romantic, perhaps you really would not; but it is not wrong that you should. You have then, I suppose, good food, pretty rooms to live in, pretty dresses to wear, power of obtaining every rational and wholesome pleasure; you are, moreover, probably gentle and grateful, and in the habit of every day thanking God for these things. But why do you thank Him? Is it because, in these matters, as well as in your religious knowledge, you think He has made a favourite of you? Is the essential meaning of your thanksgiving, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other girls are, not in that I fast twice in the week while they feast, but in that I feast seven times a week, while they fast," and are you quite sure this is a pleasing form of thanksgiving to your Heavenly Father? Suppose you saw one of your own true earthly sisters, Lucy or Emily, cast out of your mortal father's house, starving, helpless, heart-broken; and that every morning when you went into your father's room, you said to him, "How good you are, father, to give me what you don't give Lucy," are you sure that, whatever anger your parent might have just cause for against your sister, he would be pleased by that thanksgiving, or flattered by that praise? Nay, are you even sure that you *are* so much the favourite: suppose that, all this while, he loves poor Lucy just as well as you, and is only trying you through her pain, and perhaps not angry with her in anywise, but deeply angry with you, and all the more for your thanksgivings? Would it not be well that you should think,

and earnestly too, over this standing of yours; and all the more if you wish to believe that text, which clergymen so much dislike preaching on, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God?" You do not believe it now, or you would be less complacent in your state; and you cannot believe it at all, until you know that the Kingdom of God means—"not meat and drink, but justice, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," nor until you know also that such joy is not by any means, necessarily, in going to church, or in singing hymns; but may be joy in a dance, or joy in a jest, or joy in anything you have deserved to possess, or that you are willing to give, but joy in nothing that separates you, as by any strange favour, from your fellow-creatures, that exalts you through their degradation—exempts you from their toil—or indulges you in time of their distress.

Think, then, and some day, I believe, you will feel altogether—no morbid passion of pity such as would turn you into a black Sister of Charity, but the steady fire of perpetual kindness which will make you a bright one. I speak with no disparagement of them; I know well how good the Sisters of Charity are, and how much we owe to them; but all these professional pieties (except so far as distinction or association may be necessary for effectiveness of work) are in their spirit wrong, and in practice merely plaster the sores of disease that ought never to have been permitted to exist; encouraging at the same time the herd of less excellent women in frivolity, by leading them to think that they must either be good up to the black standard or cannot be good for anything. Wear a costume, by all means, if you like; but let it be a cheerful and becoming one; and be in your heart a Sister of Charity always, without either veiled or voluble declaration of it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING AND STUDY

READING.

1. *Further reading in Ruskin.*—The critical evaluation of Ruskin's work is a task for the advanced student. The best thing a young and relatively untrained pupil can carry away from the study of an essay like "Sesame and Lilies" is a genuine enthusiasm for Ruskin's ideas and an impulse to read further for them. He may never hereafter reach the point of sound criticism, but, if he does, he will have some materials for it which are forever inaccessible to the person who has never plunged "soul-deepest"—to use Mrs. Browning's phrase—into the Ruskin milieu. A complete temporary absorption in this milieu, even a violent attack of what has been termed "Ruskitis," is hardly to be feared by the judicious teacher. Its extremest phase passes at length, and leaves behind the risen worshipper a fuller, more intimate knowledge of his idol than any can boast who never bowed knee.

To know Ruskin, the student must learn to read him in a way too frequently unemployed upon the texts required for class use. Indeed, the habit of reading, in Ruskin's own sense of the term, should be founded at this time if never before—the habit, that is, of getting ideas, rather than mere words from books; and not one's own previous ideas merely, or ideas roughly coincident with the author's and loosely suggested by them, but precisely what the author meant to convey. This involves at the first severe training; but the motive for this training should exist in a genuine desire to know what Ruskin

thinks on certain subjects before the minute analysis recommended by him and illustrated upon the passage from "Lycidas" is forced upon the pupil. For such reading he will be ready the sooner for every glimpse he has of a real thing behind the printed word, for every recognition of a present truth in an old book. The issues with which Ruskin deals in these two lectures are so essentially modern, so fresh and personal to the young student, that the teacher's perennial task of breathing life into dead literature seems here reduced to its possible minimum. Further, the moral and social enthusiasm of Ruskin, his very idealism and intolerance, his compromise with truth, his scorn for pretense and self-deception, his habitual resort to first principles, the authority of his utterance, all speak directly to the young student, if happily unhindered by cant criticism, whether favorable or adverse.

These initial advantages offered by the text itself may be supplemented by skilful use of all the opportunities given for the suggestion of other readings from Ruskin. The class discussion of certain points in the text will frequently give occasion for casual reference to the full elucidation of these points to be found elsewhere or to an apparently opposing view in another essay. The particular interests of certain pupils will also naturally offer to the teacher a starting point for recommendation of further reading. Students wholly untrained in drawing but desirous of learning it, occasionally delight and find pleasure in following what must be termed Ruskin's "correspondence course" in that art, as developed in detail in "The Elements of Drawing." "Lectures on Art" "The Stones of Venice," "Aratra Pentelici," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and certain chapters of "Modern Painters"¹ might well be offered to pupils who

¹ "Of Truth of Color" and "Of Truth of Chiaroscuro," vol. i, part ii, section ii. "The Use of Pictures," "Of Classical Landscapes."

interests turn toward art in any of its forms; "The Crown of Wild Olive," "Time and Tide," "Fors Clavigera" and "Unto this Last" to the student whose social sympathies are strong; the "Queen of the Air" to the beginner in Greek or the lover of myth and story; certain passages in "Modern Painters," to the observer of natural beauty.²

The third lecture, "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," Ruskin at one time regarded as "irrelevant" (see page 3); but it is now usually printed as a part of "Sesame and Lilies," and should certainly be read by the class. In connection with Ruskin's ideas on education, the class should read letters 16 and 17, in "Time and Tide," on "Education" and "The Relation of Education to Position in Life."

2. *Reading of other authors.*—The Shakspeare plays to which Ruskin refers in the first two lectures should be recalled to mind, when already familiar, or read, if not previously known to the student, in order to test Ruskin's judgment of certain of their *dramatis personæ*. With Ruskin's ideas of the heroic in human character as set forth in his discussion of Shakspeare's heroes, might profitably be compared Carlyle's as appearing in his "Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship." One or more members of the class might read these lectures and report on them, or read passages bearing upon the point to the rest of the class in order to serve as a basis for discussion. Tenny-
"ape," "Of Mediaeval Landscape" and "Of Modern Landscape," vol. iii, part iv.

² "La Riccia after a Storm," vol. i, part ii, section ii, chapter ii, 2. "Grass," vol. iii, part iv, chapter xiv, 49-53. "The Pine-tree," vol. v, part vi, chapter ix, 6-11. "The Open Sky," vol. i, part ii, section iii, chapter i, 1-8. "Clouds," vol. i, part ii, section iii, chapter ii, 3-10, and vol. v, part vii, chapter i, 1-2. "The Earth-Veil," vol. v, part vi, chapter i. "Mountains," vol. i, part ii, section iv, chapter i, 3. "A Snow-Drift," vol. i, part ii, section iv, chapter ii, 19, 20.

son's "Princess" should similarly be used for a comparison between Ruskin's and Tennyson's ideas of women's education and proper office.

B. STUDY.

A certain amount of reading for the sake of gaining information relating to the text may serve as material both for class discussion and for written exercises. Each student should thus find out by reading something regarding the life and work of J. M. W. Turner, William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and other members of the Pre-Raphaelite group, Thomas Carlyle, and Walter Scott, showing in each case either orally or in writing what was the connection of each with Ruskin. A brief account of the following institutions or movements might also be required, with a view to establishing in how far and in what respects each illustrates or represents certain teachings of Ruskin.

1. The Consumers' League.
2. The Arts and Crafts Movement.
3. The Kelmscott Press.
4. The College Settlements Association, or Toynbee Hall.
5. Village Improvement Societies.
6. The Metropolitan Museum in New York.
7. The Impressionistic School in Art.

To such exercises as these, however, which attempt to throw light upon the text from a knowledge of facts lying outside of it, must be added a number, limited only by the needs of the class and the available time, of both general and specific questions upon the lectures themselves. A careful summary or even an outline of each lecture may be helpful, provided it be exacted at the end rather than at the beginning of the study, and place ideas above headings; but such questions as the following should in all cases be asked at some time during the reading. They are designed to test the exactness of the pupil's reading.

ell as his power of relating and organising what he knows and expressing it precisely. Every answer should be tested by appeal to the language of the text, and, if possible, the attitude of inquiry so consistently preserved in the classroom that the questions are regarded not as puzzles to which the teacher has the one right answer, but merely as starting points for investigation in a field open to all members of the class equally with the teacher. These questions may be almost infinitely multiplied and varied to suit the needs of particular classes; and the order in which they are propounded should be determined as far as may be by the natural trend of the class discussions.

1. Answer in writing the following questions on the text:—

- (a) How can reading further true education? What kind of reading can do this?
- (b) What would Ruskin consider the chief defects in modern American education? What remedies would he probably suggest? Would you supplement or modify these suggestions?
- (c) In what way does Ruskin believe that the education of girls should differ from that of boys? How far do you agree with Ruskin's opinion in this matter? Give reasons.
- (d) How far can Ruskin's charges of national contempt for art and nature fairly be made against America to-day?
- (e) Why does Ruskin (in the Preface of 1871) recommend the young girl to make "pretty" as well as "strong" dresses for the poor? What are some of the "many reasons" he has for urging her to "learn the sound qualities of all useful stuffs and make everything of the best you can get, whatever its price"?

2. Give in your own words Ruskin's definitions of:

1. Reading. 2. Vulgarly. 3. Advancement in li
4. Sympathy. 5. True knowledge. 6. A book.

3. Write a brief statement of Ruskin's ideas as set fō
in these lectures about:

1. Education. 2. Circulating Libraries. 3. Kin
4. Home. 5. Woman's true place and power.

4. Make a list of all the words in a certain section
the text whose derivation you do not know. Look up t
derivation in each case and then re-read the passage
which the word occurs, noting what light the derivati
throws upon Ruskin's meaning. Paragraphs 17, 18 a
21 are especially suggested for this exercise.

5. Explain fully and make concrete application of
following statements from the text:

1. "When men are rightly occupied, their amu
ment grows out of their work."
2. "There is a true church wherever one ha
meets another helpfully."
3. "It is not the object of education to turn
woman into a dictionary."
4. "There is a wide difference between elementa
knowledge and superficial knowledge."

SKIN'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.	HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.
9. Feb. 8. Born in London.	1819. Shelley, The Cenci. Wordsworth, Peter Bell. Irving, The Sketch-Book. 1820. Keats, Eve of St. Agnes. Scott, Ivanhoe. Shelley, Prometheus Unbound. 1821. DeQuincey, Confessions of an Opium Eater. Cooper, The Spy. Bryant, The Ages. Byron, Cain. Shelley, Defence of Poetry. Hazlitt, Table-Talk. 1822. Irving, Bracebridge Hall. 1823. Lamb, Essays of Elia. 1824. Byron, Don Juan. 1825. Coleridge, Aids to Reflection. Scott, The Talisman. 1826. Scott, Woodstock. Cooper, Last of the Mohicans. 1827. Alfred and Charles Tennyson, Poems by Two Brothers. Keble, The Christian Year. 1830. Tennyson, Poems, Chiefly Lyrical. 1831. Poe, The Raven. Whittier, Legends of New England. 1833. Carlyle, Sartor Resartus. Lamb, Last Essays of Elia. 1834. Bulwer, Last Days of Pompeii. Dickens, Sketches by Boz. 1835. Wordsworth, Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems. Browning, Paracelsus. Longfellow, Outre-Mer. 1836. Dickens, Pickwick Papers. Whittier, Voices of Freedom.	1819. C. Kingsley born. Purchase of Florida. Steamers cross the Atlantic. 1820. Marian Evans born. Herbert Spencer born. Tyndall born. Accession of George IV. 1821. Keats died. Death of Napoleon. 1822. M. Arnold born. Shelley died. Pasteur born. 1824. Byron died. 1825. Huxley born. 1825-6. Siege of Missolonghi. 1826. Penalties on combinations of workmen abolished. 1827. Blake died. Fall of the Acropolis. 1828. G. Meredith and D. G. Rossetti born. Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. 1829. Catholic Emancipation Act. Independence of Greece. 1830. Accession of William IV. Revolution in France. Opening of Liverpool and Manchester railway. Hazlitt died. 1831. Insurrection of Papal states. 1832. Reform Bill passed. Scott and Goethe died. 1834. Poor Law Amendment Act. William Morris born. Coleridge and Lamb died. 1835. Municipal Reform Bill passed. 1836. J. Mill died.

RUSKIN'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.	HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.
1837. Matriculated at Oxford.	1837. Carlyle, French Revolution. Thackeray, Yellowplush Papers. Hawthorne, Twice-Told Tales. Dickens, Oliver Twist. 1838. Dickens, Nicholas Nickleby.	1837. Accession of Victoria. Swinburne born.
1839. Wrote the Newdigate prize poem.	1839. Longfellow, Hyperion.	1838. The People's Chart drawn up. Formation of Anti-Corn-Law League.
1840. Serious illness compelled him to leave Oxford and travel in France and Italy.	1840. Browning, Sordello. Dickens, Old Curiosity Shop.	1839. Penny Post established.
1842. Took B.A. degree at Oxford. Wrote vol. i. of Modern Painters.	1841. Carlyle, Heroes and Hero-Worship. Browning, Pippa Passes. Emerson, Essays.	1841. Ministry of Sir Robert Peel.
1843. Took M.A. degree at Oxford.	1842. Macaulay, Lays of Ancient Rome. Tennyson, Poems. Browning, Dramatic Lyrics.	1842. Chartist riots.
1845. Wrote vol. ii of Modern Painters.	1843. Browning, Blot in the 'Scutcheon. Carlyle, Past and Present. Macaulay, Essays. Dickens, Martin Chuzzlewit, Christmas Carol.	1843. Great secession from Scotch Presbyterian church. Free church established. Southey died. Wordsworth became Poet Laureate.
1846. Married. Wrote Seven Lamps of Architecture.	1844. E. B. Browning, Poems.	1844. Morse telegraph. Campbell died.
1848. Married. Wrote Seven Lamps of Architecture.	1845. Browning, Dramatic Romances and Lyrics. Hawthorne, Mosses from an Old Manse.	1845. Secession of John Henry Newman from Church of England. Sidney Smith and Horne died.
1849. Thackeray, Pendennis. Browning, Poems. Emerson, Representative Men.	1846. Browning, Luria; A Soul's Tragedy. Dickens, Dombey and Son. Hood, Poems.	1845-8. Mexican War.
	1847. Tennyson, The Princess. C. Brontë, Jane Eyre. Thackeray, Vanity Fair. Longfellow, Evangeline.	1846. Repeal of the Corn Laws. Potato famine in Ireland. Beginning of free trade.
	1848. Arnold, The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems.	1848. Emily Brontë died. Revolutions in France, Germany and Italy. Chartist meeting on Kennington Common. Suppression of Chartist riots. Gold discovered in California. Liberal constitution given to many Italian States.
		1849. Roman Republic declared.
		1849-61. Creation of the Italian kingdom.

SKIN'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.	HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.
0. Wrote vol. i of <i>Stones of Venice</i> .	1850. Carlyle, <i>Latter Day Pamphlets</i> . E. B. Browning, <i>Sonnets from the Portuguese</i> . Tennyson, <i>In Memoriam</i> .	1850. Wordsworth died. Tennyson appointed Poet-Laureate.
1. Wrote <i>Notes on Sheepfolds</i> . Met Carlyle.	1851. Hawthorne, <i>House of the Seven Gables</i> .	1851. Telegraphic communication between France and England.
2. Wrote vols. i and iii of <i>Stones of Venice</i> .	1852. Dickens, <i>Bleak House</i> . Thackeray, <i>Henry Esmond</i> .	1852. Moore died. Napoleon III proclaimed Emperor.
3. Wrote <i>Lectures on Architecture and Painting</i> .	1853. Kingsley, <i>Hypatia</i> . DeQuincey, <i>Works</i> .	
4. Inaugurated the Working Men's College.		1854-6. Crimean War.
5. Wrote vols. ii and iv of <i>Modern Painters</i> .	1855. Arnold, <i>Poems</i> . Browning, <i>Men and Women</i> . Tennyson, <i>Maud</i> . Longfellow, <i>Hiawatha</i> . Thackeray, <i>The Newcomes</i> .	1855. C. Brontë died. Duty on newspapers abolished. Fall of Sebastopol.
6. Wrote <i>Elements of Drawing</i> .		1856. Peace of Paris.
7. Lectures on Political Economy of Art. Arranged Turner drawings in National Gallery.		1857-8. The Indian Mutiny. First Atlantic Cable.
9. Lectures on "Unity of Art," <i>Modern Manufactures and Design</i> , etc.	1858. George Eliot, <i>Scenes of Clerical Life</i> . Tennyson, <i>Idylls of the King</i> . Morris, <i>Defence of Guinevere</i> . Holmes, <i>Autocrat of the Breakfast Table</i> .	1858. Property qualification for members of Parliament abolished.
10. Wrote vol. v of <i>Modern Painters</i> and <i>Unto This Last</i> .	1859. George Eliot, <i>Adam Bede</i> . Meredith, <i>Richard Feverel</i> . J. S. Mill, <i>On Liberty</i> . Dickens, <i>Tale of Two Cities</i> .	1859. Hallam, Macaulay, DeQuincey and Leigh Hunt died.
1. Gave Turner drawings to Oxford and Cambridge Universities; wrote <i>Mura Pulveris</i> .	1860. Collins, <i>Woman in White</i> . Emerson, <i>Conduct of Life</i> . George Eliot, <i>Mill on the Floss</i> .	
4. Father died. <i>Lectures on Traffic</i> (published in Crown	1861. Arnold, <i>On Translating Homer</i> . George Eliot, <i>Silas Marner</i> .	1861. Imprisonment of ordinary debtors abolished. Secession of Confederate States. William I, King of Prussia. Victor Emmanuel proclaimed king of Italy. E. B. Browning died.
	1863. George Eliot, <i>Romola</i> .	1863. Thackeray died.
	1864. Swinburne, <i>Atlanta in Calydon</i> . Tennyson, <i>Enoch Arden</i> and <i>Other Poems</i> . Newman, <i>Apo-</i>	

RUSKIN'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.	HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.
of Wild Olive), "Kings' Treasuries" and "Queens' Gardens" (Sesame and Lilies).	logia pro Vita Sua. Dickens, Our Mutual Friend.	
1865. Lectures on "Work and Play" and "War" (Crown of Wild Olive), "Study of Architecture," "Art," etc.	1865. Arnold, Essays in Criticism, Carlyle Frederick II (finished).	1865. Assassination of President Lincoln.
1867. Wrote Time and Tide.	1866. Swinburne, Poems and Ballads.	1866. Gladstone Reform Bill.
1868. Lectures, "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," "The Three-legged Stool of Art," etc.	1867. Longfellow, Translation of the Divine Comedy. Arnold, Celtic Literature.	1867. Disraeli's Reform Bill passed. Trades Union outrages on non-unionists at Sheffield.
1869. Lectures "Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm," "The Future of England." Elected Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford.	1868. Browning, The Ring and the Book. W. Collins, The Moonstone.	1868. Gladstone prime minister.
1870. Lectures published later under titles, "Lectures on Art" and "Aratra Pentelici."	1869. Blackmore, Lorna Doone. Arnold, Culture and Anarchy.	1869. Suez Canal opened. Disestablishment of Irish Church.
1871. Endowed mastership of drawing at Oxford. Elected Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University. Mother died. Wrote Fors Clavigera, vol. i.	1870. D. G. Rossetti, Poems. Morris, Earthly Paradise (finished). Bret Harte, Luck of Roaring Camp.	1870-1. Franco-Prussian War.
1872. Oxford lectures published as The Eagle's Nest and Ariadne Florentina.	1870. Irish Land Act. Dickens died. Elementary Education Act.	1871. Abolition of religious tests in the universities. The German Empire. Capitulation of Paris. Rome the capital of the Italian Kingdom.

USKIN'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.	HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.
73. Re-elected Slade Professor. Oxford lectures published as <i>Val d'Arno</i> .	1873. J. S. Mill, <i>Autobiography</i> . Pater, <i>Studies in the Renaissance</i> .	1873. J. S. Mill died.
75-83. <i>Deucalion and Proserpina</i> . 75-77. <i>Mornings in Florence</i> . 76. Re-elected Slade Professor.	1876. George Eliot, <i>Daniel Deronda</i> . 1879. Browning, <i>Dramatic Idylls</i> . Meredith, <i>The Egoist</i> .	1874. Disraeli as Prime Minister. Public Worship Regulation Act for the suppression of ritualism.
80-85. <i>The Bible of Amiens</i> . 80. <i>Arrows of the Chace</i> .	1880. Tennyson, <i>Ballads and other Poems</i> . 1881. Carlyle, <i>Reminiscences</i> . D. G. Rossetti, <i>Ballads and Sonnets</i> .	1877. Queen of England made Empress of India. 1880. George Eliot died. Gladstone Prime Minister a second time. 1881. Carlyle died. Irish Land Act. Assassination of Alexander II and of President Garfield. War of Great Britain with Boers.
86-9. <i>Wrote Præterita</i> .	1885. Pater, <i>Marius the Epicurean</i> . 1886. Tennyson, <i>Locksley Hall Sixty Years After</i> .	1882. Rossetti, Emerson, and Longfellow died. 1883. British occupation of Egypt. 1885. Overthrow of Gladstone Government. Victor Hugo died. 1886. Banishment of Bourbon princes from France. Recall of Gladstone. Home Rule Bill defeated.
87. <i>Wrote Hortus Inclusus</i> .	1888. Arnold, <i>Essays in Criticism</i> (second series). 1889. Tennyson, <i>Demeter and other Poems</i> . Pater, <i>Appreciations</i> . 1892. Tennyson, <i>The Foresters and other Poems</i> .	1888. Accession of William II of Germany. Parnell Commission. M. Arnold died. 1889. Browning died. Paris exhibition. 1890. Bismarck dismissed from office by William II. Newman died. 1891. Establishment of free schools in England. 1892. Tennyson died.
90. Died at Brantwood, Coniston.		1894. Accession of Nicholas II of Russia.

SESAME AND LILIES

THREE LECTURES

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

- I. OF KINGS' TREASURIES
- II. OF QUEENS' GARDENS
- III. OF THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

PREFACE

TO THE SMALL EDITION OF 1882.

THE present edition of "Sesame and Lilies," issued at the request of an aged friend, is reprinted without change of a word from the first small edition of the book, withdrawing only the irrelevant preface respecting tours in the Alps, which however if the reader care to see, he will find placed with more propriety in the second volume of "Deucalion." The third lecture,* added in the first volume of the large edition of my works, and the gossiping introduction prefixed to that edition, are withdrawn also, not as irrelevant, but as following the subject too far, and disturbing the simplicity in which the two original lectures dwell on their several themes,—the majesty of the influence of good books, and of good women, if we know how to read them, and how to honour.

I might just as well have said, the influence of good men, and good women, since the best strength of a man is shown in his intellectual work, as that of a woman in her daily deed and character; and I am somewhat tempted to involve myself in the debate which might be imagined in illustrating these relations of their several powers, because only the other day one of my friends put me in no small pet by saying that he thought my own influence was much more in being amiable and obliging than in writing books. Admitting, for the argument's sake,

* See page xlix and the note on page 96.

the amiableness and obligingness, I begged him, with some warmth, to observe that there were myriads of at least equally good-natured people in the world who had merely become its slaves, if not its victims, but that the influence of my books was distinctly on the increase, and I hoped—etc., etc.—it is no matter what more I said, or intimated; but it much matters that the young reader of the following essays should be confirmed in the assurance on which all their pleading depends, that there is such a thing as essential good, and as essential evil, in books, in art, and in character;—that this essential goodness and badness are independent of epochs, fashions, opinions, or revolutions; and that the present extremely active and ingenious generation of young people, in thanking Providence for the advantages it has granted them in the possession of steam whistles and bicycles, need not hope materially to add to the laws of beauty in sound or grace in motion, which were acknowledged in the days of Orpheus, and of Camilla.

But I am brought to more serious pause than I had anticipated in putting final accent on the main sentences in this—already, as men now count time, old—book of mine, because since it was written, not only these untried instruments of action, but many equally novel methods of education and systems of morality have come into vogue, not without a certain measure of prospective good in them;—college education for women,—out-of-college education for men: positivism with its religion of humanity, and negativism with its religion of Chaos—and the like, from the entanglement of which no young people can now escape, if they would; together with a mass of realistic, or materialistic, literature and art founded mainly on the theory of nobody's having any will, or needing any master; much of it extremely clever irresistibly amusing, and enticingly pathetic; but which

all nevertheless the mere whirr and dust-cloud of a absolutely reforming and vulgarly manufacturing age, which when its dissolutions are appeased, and its manufactures purified, must return in due time to the understanding of the things that have been, and are, and shall be hereafter, though for the present concerned seriously with nothing beyond its dinner and its bed.

I must therefore, for honesty's sake, no less than intelligibility's, warn the reader of "Sesame and Lilies," that the book is wholly of the old school; that it ignores, without contention or regret, the ferment of surrounding elements, and assumes for perennial some old-fashioned conditions and existences which the philosophy of to-day imagines to be extinct with the Mammoth and the Dodo.

Thus the second lecture, in its very title, "Queens' Gardens," takes for granted the persistency of Queenship, and therefore of Kingship, and therefore of Courtliness or Courtesy, and therefore of Uncourtliness or Rusticity. It assumes, with the ideas of higher and lower rank, those of serene authority and happy submission; of Riches and Poverty without dispute for their rights, and of Virtue and Vice without confusion of their natures.

And farther, it must be premised that the book is chiefly written for young people belonging to the upper, or undistressed middle, classes; who may be supposed to have choice of the objects and command of the industries of their life. It assumes that many of them will be called to occupy responsible positions in the world, and that they have leisure, in preparation for these, to play tennis, or to read Plato.

Therefore also—that they have Plato to read if they choose, with lawns on which they may run, and woods in which they may muse. It supposes their father's

library to be open to them, and to contain all that necessary for their intellectual progress, without the smallest dependence on monthly parcels from town.

These presupposed conditions are not extravagant in a country which boasts of its wealth, and which, without boasting, still presents in the greater number of its landed households, the most perfect types of grandeur and peace which can be found in Europe.

I have only to add farther, respecting the book, that it was written while my energies were still unbroken and my temper unfettered; and that, if read in connection with "Unto this Last," it contains the chief truths which I have endeavoured through all my past life to display and which, under the warnings I have received to prepare for its close, I am chiefly thankful to have learned and taught.

AVALLON,

August 24th, 1882.

SESAME AND LILIES

LECTURE I.—SESAME.

OF KINGS' TREASURIES.

“ You shall each have a cake of sesame,—and ten pound.”

LUCIAN: *The Fisherman.*

1. MY first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of lecture has been announced: for indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth; but of quite another order of royalty, and another material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives, in taking a friend to see a favourite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But—and as also I have heard it said, by men practised in public address, that hearers are ever so much fatigued as by the endeavour to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purpose,—I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books; and about the way we find them, and the way we lose them. A grave subject, you will say; and a wide one! Yes; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring

before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education; and the answeringly wider spreading on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

2. It happens that I have practically some connection with schools for different classes of youth; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a "position in life" takes above all other thoughts in the parents'—more especially in the mothers'—minds. "The education befitting such and such a *station in life*"—this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But, an education "which shall keep a good coat on my son's back;—which shall enable him to ring with confidence at the visitors' bell at double-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in the establishment of a double-belled door to his own house;—in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life;—*this* we pray for on bent knees—and this is *all* we pray for." It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which in itself, is advancement in Life;—that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

3. Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with

the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of “Advancement in life.” May I ask you to consider with me, what this idea practically includes, and what it should include?

Practically, then, at present, “advancement in life” means, becoming conspicuous in life; obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity: the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

4. I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort; specially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil and calm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it “mortalification,” using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although a few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* cap-

tain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the State, upon its throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

5. This, then, being the main idea of "advancement in life," the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: I do not much care which, in beginning; but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity,—or what used to be called "virtue"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me saying, "You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; and

other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I begin, accordingly, to-night low in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen hands held up—the audience, partly, not being sure the lecturer is serious, and, partly, shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious—I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good: I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure, for the sake of beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise,—and in proportion to the earnestness and discre-

tion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

6. But granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are closed to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions and powers in pursuit of little more than these while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

7. You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them

and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces:—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

8. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

9. The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak

of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time, but assuredly it is not reading for a day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor in the real sense, be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice.

ut a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or insight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his “writing”; that is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a “Book.”

10. Perhaps you think no books were ever so written? But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art.* It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

11. Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men,—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet, have you measured and mapped out this

* Note this sentence carefully, and compare the *Queen of the Air*, §106.

short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this companionship of the Dead.

12. "The place you desire," and the place *you fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portals of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but one brief question: "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may

sume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognise our presence."

13. This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways. 1.—First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling—"How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say all; and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parable, in order that he may be sure you find it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward;

and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it once to the mountain tops, so that kings and peasants might know that all the gold they could get was there and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

14. And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping this figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need the sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

15. And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively, (*I know I am right in this*), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only the reason of the opposition of letters in the function

ns, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters. Instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact,—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noisance of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to

assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

16. And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English *meaning* should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched; and closely let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words drooping and skulking about us in Europe just now,—(there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow blotching, blundering, infectious “information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catchisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings)—there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chamæleon cloaks—“ground lion” cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man’s fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men’s ideas: whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him,—you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

17. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the Eng-

h, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men's minds, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be awful; and Saxon or otherwise common words when they want it to be vulgar. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the Word" they live by, for the Power of which that Word binds them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book"—instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it into English everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19, we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read—"Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their Bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver"! Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain it, and always spoke of "the Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and by which they are now kept in store,* cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused: and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

18. So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form "damno," in translating the Greek *κατακρίνω*, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the

* 2 Peter iii. 5—7.

substitution of the temperate "condemn" for it, when they choose to keep it gentle; and what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on—"He that believeth not shall be damned;" though they would shrink with horror from translating Heb. xi. 7, "The saving of his house, by which he damned the world," or John viii. 10-11, "Woman, hath no man damned thee?" She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee: go, and sin no more." And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood, and in the defence of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest-leaves—though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes—have nevertheless been rendered practically possible, mainly, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, "ecclesia," to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocation, such as the vulgar English one of using the word "priest" as a contraction for "presbyter."

19. Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek; (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries

All these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek, or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

20. And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of "Lycidas":—

"Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake.
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else, the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.' "

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was a Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred"? "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect?

Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven," quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more

weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy: they who, 'for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

21. Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three;—specially those three, and no more than those—"creep," and "intrude," and "climb;" no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who "creep" into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "intrude" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "climb," who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

22. Now go on:—

"Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
Blind mouths——"

I pause again, for this is a strange expression: a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so; its very audacity and pithiness are intended to

make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor.

A "Bishop" means "a person who sees."

A "Pastor" means "a person who feeds."

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now, it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history, from childhood, of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out—Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop,—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things "Nay," you say, "it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street." What! the fat sheep that have full

pieces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) “the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw” (bishops knowing nothing about it) “daily devours apace, and nothing said”?

“But that’s not our idea of a bishop.”* Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul’s; and it was Milton’s. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

23. I go on.

“But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

This is to meet the vulgar answer that “if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food.”

And Milton says, “They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind.” At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of “Spirit.” It is only a contraction of the Latin word “breath,” and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for “wind.” The same word is used in writing, “The wind bloweth where it listeth;” and in writing, “So is every one that is born of the Spirit;” born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words “inspiration” and “expire.” Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God’s breath and man’s. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man’s breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen.

* Compare the 13th Letter in *Time and Tide*.

They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first, and last, and fatalest sign of it is that "puffing up." Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every species small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act and wish instead of work;—these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,—“Swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

24. Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who “have taken away the key of knowledge yet entered not in themselves.”

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are

to see, and feed; and of all who do so it is said, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be withered himself; and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter; he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-postle is the image, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as "the golden pees, the iron shuts amain."

25. We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have none enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading"; watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus *I* thought; in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance;—that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon:—in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them, on any serious matters; *—no right to "think," but only to "Modern "education" for the most part signifies giving people the

to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about the proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an "opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered;—that covetousness and love of quarrelling are dangerous dispositions even in children and deadly dispositions in men and nations;—that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones;—on these general facts you are bound to have but one, and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know NOTHING,—judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for indecision, that is all they can generally do for you!—and well for them and for us, if indeed they are able "to mix the music with our thoughts, and save

faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance from them.

en us with heavenly doubts." This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest: he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out his full meaning; but with the greater men, you cannot fathom their meaning; they do not even wholly measure it themselves,—it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare's opinion, instead of Milton's, on this matter of Church authority?—or of Dante's? Have any of you, at this instant, the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in Richard III. against the character of Cranmer? the description of St. Francis and St. Dominic against that of him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him,—“disceso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno esilio”; or of him whom Dante stood beside, “come 'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin.”? * Shakespeare and Alighieri knew men better than most of us, I presume! They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess. But where is it? Bring it into court! Put Shakespeare's or Dante's creed into articles, and send it up for trial by the Ecclesiastical Courts!

26. You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own “judgment” was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought; nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes, and venomous, wind-sown herbage of evil surmise; that the first thing you have to do for them, and

* *Inf.* xxiii. 125, 126; xix. 49, 50.

yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this*; but all the jungle into wholesome ash-heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life must begin with obedience to that order, "Break up your fallow ground, and sow *not among thorns*."

27. II. * Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or "sensitisation." I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensitisation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensitisation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensitisation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensitisation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, it *is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour precisely in proportion to our passion.

28. You know I said of that great and pure society of the Dead, that it would allow "no vain or vulgar person to enter there." What do you think I meant by "vulgar" person? What do you yourselves mean by "vulgarity"? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensitisation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a dreadful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable

* Compare § 13 above.

every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy—of quick understanding,—all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the "tact" or "touch-culty," of body and soul: that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures;—fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason; the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason cannot determine what is true:—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

29. We come then to that great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is true, but chiefly to feel with them what is just. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge,—not the first thought that comes,—so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion,—not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to them, they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit, to a hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or that sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand

that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business;—and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand,—the place of the great continent beyond the sea;—a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven—things which “the angels desire to look into.” So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale, but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day,—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches, in revellings and junketings; in sham fights and gallant puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, without an effort or a tear.

30. I said “minuteness” and “selfishness” of sensation, but it would have been enough to have said “injustice” or “unrighteousness” of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole, generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks but of infection, for the most part, catching an opinion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on;—nothing so great

it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder; and for a couple of years see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds of thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with "by your leave"; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money *or* your life," into that of "your money *and* your life." Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by ague fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords; * and then debate, with drivelling tears, and dialectical sympathies, whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its murderers. Also, a great nation having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and does not yelp like a pack of

See note at end of lecture. I have put it in large type, because the course of matters since it was written has made it perhaps better worth mention.

frost-pinchèd wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or grey-haired clodpate Othello, "perplexed i' the extreme," at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their father's sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, but pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of *all* evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love.

31. My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing,—so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we remain true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should "pay" has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would perform the good Samaritan, we never take out our two pence and give them to the host, without saying, "When thou come again, thou shalt give me fourpence," there is still a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts' core. We show it in our work—in our war,—even in those unjocund domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day.

ough we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle; and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honour (though a foolish honour), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline *it*, one day, with scorpion-whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity,—it cannot with existence,—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

32. I. I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public and private, as compared with what we spend on our courses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves in the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We

talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy, and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay the baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

33. II. I say we have despised science. "What!" you exclaim, "are we not foremost in all discovery,* and in

* Since this was written, the answer has become definitely—No; we having surrendered the field of Arctic discovery to the Continental nations, as being ourselves too poor to pay for ships.

not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes, but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done *in spite* of the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an Observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for their own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him: but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to *us*? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some *discredit* to us, but we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria: the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private

buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred: but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich museum at this moment, if Professor Owen had not, with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person or its representatives got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus,) is at least fifty millions. Now £700 is to £50,000,000, roughly, as seven-pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose, then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of seven-pence sterling; and that the gentleman who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well! I'll give you four-pence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra three-pence yourself, till next year!"

34. III. I say you have despised Art! "What!" you again answer, "have we not Art exhibitions, miles long

* I state this fact without Professor Owen's permission, which of course he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it; but I consider it so important that the public should be aware of the fact, that I do what seems to me right, though rude.

and do not we pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could; * not being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to every passer-by, "What d'ye lack?" You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, flat, fat fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs;—that Art may be * learned as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the wall for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck—(in Venice you saw the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the fine pictures in Europe were made into sandbags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags, in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

35. IV. You have despised nature; that is to say, all

* That was our real idea of "Free Trade"—"All the trade to myself." You find now that by "competition" other people can manage to sell something as well as you—and now we call for Protection again. Wretches!

the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made racecourses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your *one* conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars.* You have put a railroad-bridge over the falls of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into†—nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops: the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide down again, with "shrieks of delight." When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by as-

* I meant that the beautiful places of the world—Switzerland, Italy, South Germany, and so on—are, indeed, the truest cathedrals—places to be reverent in, and to worship in; and that we only care to drive through them; and to eat and drink at their most sacred places.

† I was singularly struck, some years ago, by finding all the river shore at Richmond, in Yorkshire, black in its earth, from the mere drift of soot-laden air from places many miles away.

sembling in knots in the "towers of the vineyards," and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful, to have dim conceptions of duty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth.

36. Lastly. You despise compassion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer; here is one from a *Daily Telegraph* of an early date this year (1865); (date which, though by me carelessly left unmarked, is easily discoverable; for on the back of the slip, there is the announcement that "yesterday the seventh of the special services of this year was performed by the Bishop of Ripon in St. Paul's";) it relates only one of such facts as happen now daily; this by chance having taken a form in which it came before the coroner. I will print the paragraph in red.* Be sure, the facts themselves are written in that colour, in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day.

An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at the White Horse tavern, Christ Church, Spital-fields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased and his son in a room at 2, Cobb's Court, Christ Church. Deceased was a "translator" of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little indeed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (2s. a week),

* [In the original edition, the whole of the following paragraph was printed in red.—*Editor.*]

so as to keep the home together. On Friday-night week the deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, "Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more." There was no fire, and he said, "I would be better if I was warm." Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots * to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14*d.* for the two pairs, for the people at the shop said, "We must have our profit." Witness got 14*lb.* of coal, and a little tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the "translations," to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat.—Coroner: "It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the workhouse." Witness: "We wanted the comforts of our little home." A juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the corner of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as 10*s.* profit in the week. They then always saved towards the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse.—Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4*lb.* loaf, and told him if he came again he should get the "stones." †

* One of the things which we must very resolutely enforce, for the good of all classes, in our future arrangements, must be that they wear no "translated" article of dress. See the preface.

† This abbreviation of the penalty of useless labour is curiously coinci-

That disgusted deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a halfpenny to buy a candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live till morning.—A juror: “You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer.”—Witness: “If we went in, we should die. When we come out in the summer, we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had food, for my sight would get better.” Dr. G. P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion from want of food. The deceased had had no bedclothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but

set in verbal form with a certain passage which some of us may remember. It may perhaps be well to preserve beside this paragraph another cutting out of my store-drawer, from the *Morning Post*, of about a parallel date, Friday, March 10th, 1865:—“The salons of Mme. C——, who did the honours with clever imitative grace and elegance, were crowded with princes, dukes, marquises; and counts—in fact, with the same *male* company as one meets at the parties of the Princess Metternich and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys. Some English peers and members of Parliament were present, and appeared to enjoy the animated and dazzling improper scene. On the second floor the supper tables were loaded with every delicacy of the season. That your readers may form some idea of the dainty fare of the Parisian demi-monde, I copy the menu of the supper, which was served to all the guests (about 200) seated at four o'clock. Choice Yquem, Johannisberg, Laffitte, Tokay, and champagne of the best vintages were served most lavishly throughout the morning. After supper dancing was resumed with increased animation, and the ball terminated with a *chaîne diabolique* and a *cancan d'enfer* at seven in the morning. (Morning service—‘Ere the fresh lawns appeared, under the opening eyelids of the Morn.’) Here is the menu:—‘Consommé de volaille à la Bagration: 16 hors-d’œuvres variés. Bouchées à la Talleyrand. Soufflés froids, sauce Ravigote. Filets de bœuf en Bellevue, timbales Milanaises, chaudfroid de gibier. Dindes truffées. Pâtés de foies gras, rissoles d’écrevisses, salades vénétiennes, gelées blanches aux fruits, sorbets aux mancini, parisiens et parisiennes. Fromages glacés. Ananas. Dessert.’”

if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting. The coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict, "That deceased died from exhaustion from want of food and the common necessities of life; also through want of medical aid."

37. "Why would witness not go into the workhouse?" you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for of course every one who takes a pension from Government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale: * only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called playhouses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears; perhaps if we made the playhouses for them pretty and pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory peculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to the conditions. Meanwhile, here are the facts: we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they rather die than take it at our hands; or, for third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets.† "Christian" did I say

* Please observe this statement, and think of it, and consider how it happens that a poor old woman will be ashamed to take a shilling a week from the country—but no one is ashamed to take a pension of a thousand a year.

† I am heartily glad to see such a paper as the *Pall Mall Gazette* established; for the power of the press in the hands of highly-educated men in independent position, and of honest purpose, may indeed become all that it has been hitherto vainly vaunted to be. Its editor will therefore, doubt not, pardon me, in that, by very reason of my respect for the journal, I do not let pass unnoticed an article in its third number, page 5

las, if we were but wholesomely *un-Christian*, it would be impossible: it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing *it* up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival—the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our *atanelas*,—Roberts,—Fausts; chanting hymns through traceried windows for background effect, and artistically modulating the “Dio” through variation on variation of mimicked prayer: (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Command-

which was wrong in every word of it, with the intense wrongness which only an honest man can achieve who has taken a false turn of thought in the outset, and is following it, regardless of consequences. It contained at the end this notable passage:—

The bread of affliction, and the water of affliction—aye, and the bed-head and blankets of affliction, are the very utmost that the law ought to give to *outcasts merely as outcasts*.” I merely put beside this expression of the gentlemanly mind of England in 1865, a part of the message which Isaiah was ordered to “lift up his voice like a trumpet” in declaring to the gentlemen of his day: “Ye fast for strife, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to deal y bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor *that are cast out* margin, ‘afflicted’) to thy house?” The falsehood on which the writer had mentally founded himself, as previously stated by him, was this: To confound the functions of the dispensers of the poor rates with those of the dispensers of a charitable institution is a great and pernicious error.” This sentence is so accurately and exquisitely wrong, that its substance must be thus reversed in our minds before we can deal with the existing problem of national distress. “To understand that the dispensers of the poor-rates are the almoners of the nation, and should distribute its alms with a gentleness and freedom of hand as much greater and franker than that possible to individual charity, as the collective national wisdom and power may be supposed greater than those of any single person, is the foundation of all law respecting pauperism.” (Since this was written the *Pall Mall Gazette* has become a mere party paper—the rest; but it writes well, and does more good than mischief on the whole.)

ment;—) this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness: a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law a rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon—we know too well what our faith comes to for that. You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ pipes, both: leave them, and the Gothic windows and the painted glass, to the property man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the doorstep. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

38. All these pleasures then, and all these virtues I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride, would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night to watch the guinea you have created there; and may have his brains beaten out, and be maimed for life, at any moment, and never be thanked; the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage; the quiet student poring over his book or his vial; the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all: these are the men by whom England lives; but they are not the nation; they are only the body and nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance, while the mind

gone. Our National wish and purpose are only to be amused; our National religion is the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or truths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity for this amusement fastening on us, as a feverous disease of parched throat and wandering eyes—senseless, dissolute, merciless. How generally that word *Dis-Ease*, the Negation and possibility of Ease, expresses the entire moral state of our English Industry and its Amusements!

39. When men are rightly occupied, their amusement flows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a pitiful flower;—when they are faithfully helpful and unpassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse of the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, like the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The justice we cannot execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage; the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature thus imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of *some* kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our heroes, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and inhale the night-dew of the grave.

40. It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things; the facts are frightful enough;—the measure of national fault involved in them is perhaps not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm; we set

fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields, yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are so kind at heart; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference to "public opinion," uttered the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all those graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is that, the more we see of our national faults or miseries, the more they dissolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought. It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dulness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master.

41. There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sun beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So, also, we pile with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless words, little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, we but wander among those old kings in their repose.

finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads, and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery; because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them;—which, if they were heard, they would start up to meet us in their power long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider us; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, “Art thou also become weak as we—art thou also become one of us?” so would these kings, with their dimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, “Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we? art thou also become one of us?”

42. Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—“magnanimous”—to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to “advance in life,” in life itself—not in the trappings of it. My friends, you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends’ houses; and each of them placed him at his table’s head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you in plain words, as it is offered to you in mere facts, that you should gain this Scythian honour, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat but last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the realm of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast—crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd about it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables’ heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they

do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulder, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull;—no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the dead angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness, with horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honour, and—*not* more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose head is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living* peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only. All other kingships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties,—costly shows, set off, indeed, with real jewels instead of tinsel—but still only the toys of nations; or else, they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly, for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, “Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.”

43. But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if Achilles’ indignant epithet of base kings, “people-eating,” were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king’s dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man’s estate! Kings who think so, however

* “τὸ δὲ φρόνημα τοῦ πνεύματος ζωὴ καὶ εἰρήνη.”

powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gadflies are the kings of a horse; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet soboscis and melodious, band-mastered trumpeting, in the summer air; the twilight being, perhaps, sometimes clearer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists and midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make *gran rifiuto*"; and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make *its* "*gran rifiuto*" of *them*.

44. Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it,—not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there. It does not matter to you, king of men, whether you can casually say to this man "Go," and he goeth; and to another, "Come," and he cometh. Whether you can turn your people, as you can Trent—and where it is that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes, better than by miles; and count degrees of love-latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully firm and infinite equator.

45. Measure!—nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who "do and teach," and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven—and the power of those who do, and consume—whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth; and

the Rust-kings, who are to their people's strength a rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were the better! Broidered robe, only to be rent; helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered;—there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal; neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle; an armour forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force; a gold to be mined in the very sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs;—deep-pictured tissue;—impenetrable armour;—potable gold;—the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture-eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people.

46. Think what an amazing business *that* would be! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom! That we should bring up our peasants to book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise!—organize drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers!—find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-ground!—give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leader's splash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists

civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war!

47. Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand, (if anything stand,) surest and longest of all work of mine:—

“It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists’ wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men’s bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides, which makes such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough to tell all their multitudes to buy an hour’s peace of mind with; as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the ‘science’ of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists’ will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person.”

48. France and England literally, observe, buy *panic* of each other; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand-thousand pounds’-worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions’ worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions’ worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand-thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places

of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English?

49. It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

50. I could shape for you other plans, for art galleries and for natural history galleries, and for many precious—many, it seems to me, needful—things; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove considerable tonic to what we call our British Constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread;—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors;—doors, not robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

NOTE TO § 30.

Respecting the increase of rent by the deaths of the poor, for evidence of which, see the preface to the Medical Officer's report to the Privy Council, just published there are suggestions in its preface which will make some stir among us, I fancy, respecting which let me note the points following:—

There are two theories on the subject of land now abroad, and in contention; both false.

The first is that, by Heavenly law, there have always existed, and must continue to exist, a certain number of hereditarily sacred persons to whom the earth, air, and water of the world belong, as personal property; of which earth, air, and water, these persons may, at their pleasure, permit, or forbid, the rest of the human race to eat, to breathe, or to drink. This theory is not for many years longer tenable. The adverse theory is that a division of the land of the world among the mob of the world would immediately elevate the said mob into sacred personages; that houses would then build themselves, and corn grow of itself; and that everybody would be able to live, without doing any work for his living. This theory would also be found highly untenable in practice.

It will, however, require some rough experiments and rougher catastrophes, before the generality of persons will be convinced that no law concerning anything—least of all concerning land, for either holding or dividing it, or renting it high, or renting it low—would be of the smallest ultimate use to the people, so long as the general contest for life, and for the means of life, remains one of mere brutal competition. That contest, in an unprincipled nation, will take one deadly form or another, whatever laws you make against it. For instance, it could be an entirely wholesome law for England, if it could be carried, that maximum limits should be assigned to incomes according to classes; and that every nobleman's income should be paid to him as a fixed salary or pension by the nation; and not squeezed by him in variable sums, at discretion, out of the tenants of his land. But if you could get such a law passed to-morrow, and if, which would be farther necessary,

you could fix the value of the assigned incomes by making a given weight of pure bread for a given sum, a twelvemonth would not pass before another currency would have been tacitly established, and the power of accumulated wealth would have re-asserted itself in some other article, or some other imaginary sign. There is only one cure for public distress—and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful, and just. There are, indeed, many laws conceivably which would gradually better and strengthen the national temper; but, for the most part, they are such as the national temper must be much bettered before it would bear. A nation in its youth may be helped by laws, as a weakchild by backboards, but when it is old it cannot that way strengthen its crooked spine.

And besides; the problem of land, at its worst, is a hard one; distribute the earth as you will, the principal question remains inexorable,—Who is to dig it? Which of us, in brief word, is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay? Who is to do the most work, and for what pay? And there are curious moral and religious questions connected with these. How far is it lawful to suck a portion of the soul out of a great many persons, in order to put the abstracted psychic quantities together and make one very beautiful or ideal soul? If we had to deal with mere blood instead of spirit, (and the thing might literally be done—as it has been done with infants before now)—so that it were possible by taking a certain quantity of blood from the arms of a given number of the mob, and putting it all into one person, to make a more azure-blooded gentleman of him, the thing would of course be managed; but secretly, I should conceive. But now, because it is brain and soul that we abstract, not visible blood, it can be

done quite openly, and we live, we gentlemen, on delicatest prey, after the manner of weasels; that is to say, we keep a certain number of clowns digging and ditching, and generally stupefied, in order that we, being fed gratis, may have all the thinking and feeling to ourselves. Yet there is a great deal to be said for this. A highly-bred and trained English, French, Austrian, or Italian gentleman (much more a lady), is a great production,—a better production than most statues; being beautifully coloured as well as shaped, and plus all the brains; a glorious think to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to; and you cannot have it, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life. And it is, perhaps, better to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome or steeple—and more delightful to look up reverently to a creature far above us, than to a wall; only the beautiful human creature will have some duties to do in return—duties of living belfry and rampart—of which presently.

LECTURE II.—LILIES.

OF QUEENS' GARDENS.

“Be thou glad, oh thirsting Desert; let the desert be made cheerful, and bloom as the lily; and the barren places of Jordan shall run wild with wood.”—ISAIAH XXXV. 1. (Septuagint.)

51. It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, *How and What to Read*, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavour to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, *Why to Read*. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantage we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly*; conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous;—spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the “likeness of a kingly crown have on;” or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

52. There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and eternal kind, crowned or not: the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word “State”; we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word “statue”—“the immovable thing.” A king’s majesty or “state,” then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both:—without tremor, without quiver of balance; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter, nor overthrow.

53. Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power,—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us,—I am now going to ask you to consider with me, farther, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power,—not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as “Queens’ Gardens.”

54. And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, the different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the “mission” and of the “rights” of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind, and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness, by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

55. Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigour and honour, and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest.

men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power of thought failed: to be led by them into wider sight,—purer conception,—than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point: let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

56. And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in “The Two Gentlemen of Verona.” In his laboured and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Cæsar—Antony stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in “King Lear,” is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Catherine, Perdita,

Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilla, are all faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

57. Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of *King Lear* is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatience, his vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of *Othello* I need not trace the tale; nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the *Emilia* who dies in wild testimony against his error:—

“Oh, murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?”

In “*Romeo and Juliet*,” the wise and brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In “*The Winter’s Tale*,” and in “*Cymbeline*,” the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In “*Measure for Measure*,” the foul injustice of the judge, and the foul cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In “*Coriolanus*,” the mother’s counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer, at last, granted, saves him—no

deed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the “unlessoned girl,” who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, bringing courage and safety by her presence, and defeating the worst malignities of crime by what women are prized most to fail in,—precision and accuracy of thought.

58. Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the latter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also, in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He presents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples,—strong ways to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

59. Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the nature of man,—still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott.

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value, and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied from Scotch life, bear a true witness; and, in the whole range of these, there are but three men who reach the heroic type *—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse. Of these, one is a border farmer; another a freebooter; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated, or mistakenly applied intellectual power; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by the aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any discipline or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of young men. Whereas in his imaginations of women,—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lillias Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible sense of dignity and justice; a fearless instant, and untiring self-sacrifice, to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims; and, finally, a patient wisdom of deeply-restrained affection, which

* I ought, in order to make this assertion fully understood, to have noted the various weaknesses which lower the ideal of other great characters of men in the Waverley novels—the selfishness and narrowness of thought in Redgauntlet, the weak religious enthusiasm in Edward Girding, and the like; and I ought to have noticed that there are several quite perfect characters sketched sometimes in the backgrounds; therefore let us accept joyously this courtesy to England and her soldiers—English officers: Colonel Gardiner, Colonel Talbot, and Colonel Manrington.

does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

So that, in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over, or educates, his mistress.

60. Next, take, though more briefly, graver testimony—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady; a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human; and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception; if I began, I could not cease: besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth, or early fourteenth, century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honour and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

“For lo! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
To serve and honour thee:
And so I do; and my delight is full,
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.

“Without almost, I am all rapturous,
 Since thus my will was set:
 To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence:
 Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
 A pain or a regret.

But on thee dwells my every thought and sense;
 Considering that from thee all virtues spread
 As from a fountain head,—
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
And honour without fail;
 With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
 Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

“Lady, since I conceived
 Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,
My life has been apart
In shining brightness and the place of truth;
 Which till that time, good sooth,
 Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,
 Where many hours and days
 It hardly ever had remember'd good.
 But now my servitude
 Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.
 A man from a wild beast
 Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.”

61. You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His spiritual subjection to them was indeed not so absolute; but as regards their own personal character it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra; the playful kindness and simple princess life of happy Nausicaa; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon the sea; the ever patient fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of the sister and daughter.

er, in Antigone; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

62. Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a "Legend of Good Women"; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes received and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred:—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle; and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the live-helm, and cloudy shield, to faith in whom you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

63. But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent, as you see it is, on this head.

I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman; nay, worse than fictitious or idle; for a thing may be imaginary, yet desirable, if it

were possible; but this, their ideal of woman, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think for herself. The man is always to be the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power.

64. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we? Are Shakespeare and Æschylus Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you can suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity of progress, there have been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover to his mistress. I say *obedient*;—not merely enthusiastically and worshipping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but, so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonour of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love;—that chivalry, I say in its very first conception of honourable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady: that where the true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked

passion must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honourable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it is impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

65. I do not insist by any farther argument on this, or I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been, and to your feeling of what would be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere price of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England—

“Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!” *

66. Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt the fitness of the continuance of such a relation through-

Coventry Patmore. You cannot read him too often or too carefully; for as I know, he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken and nearly always depress, and disorganize the imagination they deeply seize.

out the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn, when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all,—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

67. But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wife's subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

68. Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and his intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet

dering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in the open world, must encounter all peril and trial:—to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued; often misled; and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. So far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the consistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have covered over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, Home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always found her. The stars only may be over her head; the lowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire under her foot: but home is yet wherever she is: and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than

ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

69. This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be?—the woman's true place and power. But do not you see that, to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—“*La donna è mobile*,” not “*Quod piúm' al vento*”; no, nor yet “*Variable as the shadow by the light quivering aspen made*”; but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the colour of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

70. II. I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power, of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is fit for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful person now doubts this,—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor sh

ts sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom, is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:—

“Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, ‘A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

“Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle, or restrain.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“And *vital feelings of delight*
Shall rear her form to stately height,—
Her virgin bosom swell.
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live,
Here in this happy dell.” *

* Observe, it is “Nature” who is speaking throughout, and who says, while she and I together live.”

"*Vital* feeling of delight," observe. There are dead feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

71. This for the means: now note the end. Taken from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.

72. Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts to justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the workmen: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge, not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know

but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws; and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves for ever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn the woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement: it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for ever determined as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath; and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the

effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is no the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is, “for all who are desolate and oppressed.”

73. Thus far, I think, I have had your concurrence perhaps you will not be with me in what I believe is most needful for me to say. There is one dangerous science for women—one which they must indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology. Strange and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred. Strange, that they will complacently and pridefully bind up whatever wisdom or folly there is in them, whatever arrogance, petulance, or blind incomprehensiveness, into one bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh. Strange in creatures born to know Love visible, that where they can know least, they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master, by crawling up the steps of His judgment throne, to divide it with Him. Strangest of all, that they should think they were led by the Spirit of the Comforter into habits of mind which have become in the the unmixed elements of home discomfort; and that the

are to turn the Household Gods of Christianity into ugly dolls of their own;—spiritual dolls, for them to dress according to their caprice; and from which their husbands must turn away in grieved contempt, lest they should be shrieked at for breaking them.

74. I believe, then, with this exception, that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's; but quite differently directed. A woman, in any rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive; hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in a womanly sort of way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will be afterwards fitted for social service; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly—while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathise in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

75. Yet, observe, with exquisite accuracy as far as he reaches. There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge—between firm beginning, and an infirm attempt at compassing. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

And indeed, if there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects: and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous; calculated to add the qualities of patience and serious-

ness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books; only let us be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the pages of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

76. Or even of the fountain of wit; for with respect to the sore temptation of novel reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, so much as its overwrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

77. I speak therefore of good novels only; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry; studies of human nature in the elements of its life. But I attach little weight to this function; they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or to increase the bitterness of a malicious one; for each will gather, from the novel, food for her own disposition. Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray to despise humanity; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it; those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it. So, also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us, in vividness, a human truth which we

had before dimly conceived; but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great, that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided, that their vitality is rather a harm than good.

78. Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision how much novel reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way; turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot; for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as a narcissus will, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always

“Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty.”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in

the field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you; and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought would have been so.

79. Then, in art, keep the finest models before her and let her practice in all accomplishments be accurate and thorough, so as to enable her to understand more than she accomplishes. I say the finest models—that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefulest. Note those epithets; they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words or the character of intended emotion; again, the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and finally, the usefulest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

80. And not only in the material and in the course but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach them also, that courage and truth are the pillars of their being:—do you think that they would not answer the appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girls' school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way coming in at a door; and when the whole system

society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture—cowardice, in not daring to let them live, or love, except as their neighbours choose; an imposture, in bringing, for the purposes of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes, at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled?

81. And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. You consider somewhat, before you send your boy to school, what kind of a man the master is;—whatsoever kind of man he is, you at least give him full authority over your son, and show some respect to him yourself:—if he comes to dine with you, you do not put him at a side table: you know also that, at college, your child's immediate tutor will be under the direction of some still higher tutor, for whom you have absolute reverence. You do not treat the Dean of Christ Church or the Master of Trinity as your inferiors.

But what teachers do you give your girls, and what reverence do you show to the teachers you have chosen? Is a girl likely to think her own conduct, or her own intellect, of much importance, when you trust the entire formation of her character, moral and intellectual, to a person whom you let your servants treat with less respect than they do your housekeeper (as if the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries), and whom you yourself think you confer an honour upon by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing-room in the evening?

82. Thus, then, of literature as her help and thus of art. There is one more help which she cannot do without—one which, alone, has sometimes done more than all other influences besides,—the help of wild and fair nature. Hear this of the education of Joan of Arc:—

"The education of this poor girl was mean, according to the present standard; was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophical standard; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. . . .

"Next after her spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies, that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in decent bounds. . . .

"But the forests of Domrémy—those were the glories of the land; for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,—'like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,'—that exercised even princely power both in Touraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness." *

Now, you cannot, indeed, have here in England, woods eighteen miles deep to the centre; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your children yet, if you wish to keep them. But *do* you wish it? Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden, large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run,—no more—and that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it? I hope not. I can tell you, you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixty-fold instead of four-fold.

83. Yet this is what you are doing with all England.

* *Joan of Arc: in reference to M. Michelet's History of France.*—De Quincey's *Works*, vol. iii., p. 217.

The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace ground, and fill with heaps ofinders, if you can; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it. For the fairies will not be all banished; there are fairies of the furnace as of the wood, and their first gift seems to be "sharp arrows of the mighty;" but their last gifts are "coals of juniper."

84. And yet I cannot—though there is no part of my subject that I feel more—press this upon you; for we made so little use of the power or nature while we had it that we shall hardly feel what we have lost. Just on the other side of the Mersey you have your Snowdon, and your Menai Straits, and that mighty granite rock beyond the moors of Anglesea, splendid in its heathery crest, and foot planted in the deep sea, once thought of as sacred—a divine promontory, looking westward; the Holy Head or Headland, still not without awe when its red light glares first through storm. These are the hills, and these the bays and blue inlets, which, among the Greeks, would have been always loved, always fateful in influence on the national mind. That Snowdon is your Parnassus; but where are its Muses? That Holyhead mountain is your Island of Ægina; but where is its Temple to Minerva?

85. Shall I read you what the Christian Minerva had achieved under the shadow of our Parnassus up to the year 1848?—Here is a little account of a Welsh school, from page 261 of the Report on Wales, published by the Committee of Council on Education. This is a school close to a town containing 5,000 persons:—

"I then called up a larger class, most of whom had recently come to the school. Three girls repeatedly declared they had never heard of Christ, and two that they had never heard of God. Two

out of six thought Christ was on earth now" (they might have had a worse thought perhaps), "three knew nothing about the Crucifixion. Four out of seven did not know the names of the months nor the number of days in a year. They had no notion of addition; beyond two and two, or three and three, their minds were perfect blanks."

Oh, ye women of England! from the Princess of Wales to the simplest of you, do not think your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest, while these are scattered on the hills, as sheep having no shepherd. And do not think your daughters can be trained to the truth of their own human beauty, while the pleasant places, which God made at once for their school-room and their play-ground, lie desolate and defiled. You cannot baptize them rightly in those inch-deep fonts of yours, unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth forever from the rocks of your native land—waters which a Pagan would have worshipped in their purity, and you worship only with pollution. You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow axe-hewn church altars of yours, while the dark azure altars in heaven—the mountains that sustain your island throne,—mountains on which a Pagan would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud—remain for you without inscription; altars built, not to, but by an Unknown God.

86. III. Thus far, then, of the nature, thus far of the teaching, of woman, and thus of her household office and queenliness. We come now to our last, our widest question,—What is her queenly office with respect to the state?

Generally, we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty

relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work or duty, which is also the expansion of that.

Now, the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty, as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the state. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

What the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty: that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

And as within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties,—an instinct which you cannot quench, but only warp and corrupt if you withdraw it from its true purpose:—as there is the intense instinct of love, which, rightly disciplined, maintains all the sanctities of life, and, misdirected, undermines them; and *must* do either the one or the other;—so there is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them.

87. Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of

man, and of the heart of woman, God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power!—For Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what* power? That is all the question. Power to destroy? the lion's limb, and the dragon's breath? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard. Power of the scepter and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals by touching,—that binds the fiend, and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of Justice, and descended from only by steps of Mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens?

88. It is now long since the women of England arranged, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only; and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady," * which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, nor merely the title but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws," and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household; but to law main-

* I wish there were a true order of chivalry instituted for our English youth of certain ranks, in which both boy and girl should receive, at a given age, their knighthood and ladyhood by true title; attainable only by certain probation and trial both of character and accomplishment, and to be forfeited, on conviction, by their peers, of any dishonourable act. Such an institution would be entirely, and with all noble results possible, in a nation which loved honour. That it would not be possible among us, is not to the discredit of the scheme.

ained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title, only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

89. And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House-Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition correlative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals? Be it so; you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you*; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

90. And this, which is true of the lower or household dominion, is equally true of the queenly dominion;—that highest dignity is open to you, if you will also accept that highest duty. Rex et Regina—Roi et Reine—*Right-doers*;" they differ but from the Lady and Lord, in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person—that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned: there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your

sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond which bows itself, and will for ever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless sceptre of womanhood. But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

91. "Prince of Peace." Note that name. When kings rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also, in their narrow place, and mortal measure, receive the power of it. There are no other rules than theirs: other rule than theirs is but *misrule*; those who govern verily "*Dei gratiâ*" are all princes, yes, princesses, of Peace. There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle; but men are feeble in sympathy and contracted in hope; it is you only who can feel the depths of pain, and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates and you are content to know that there is beyond that a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate, and of suffering which you do not conceive.

92. I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honour, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's life, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed murder of a single victim, done by the assassin in the darkness of the railway, or blood-shadow of the marsh. I do not even wonder at the myriad-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight, by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to heaven, of their priests, and kings. But this is wonderful to me—oh, how wonderful!—to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it, and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite:—to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbour! This is wonderful—oh, wonderful!—to see her, with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace; and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.

93. Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in

our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depths of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. “Her feet have touched the meadow, and left the daisies rosy.”

94. You think that only a lover’s fancy;—false and vain! How if it could be true? You think this also perhaps, only a poet’s fancy—

“Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.”

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am rushing into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit—I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said—(and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one)—that flowers only flourish right in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them: nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard;—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted cater-

pillar spare—if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost—"Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out." This you would think a great thing? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this, (and how much more than this!) you *can* do, for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them;—flowers that have thoughts like yours, and lives like yours; and which, once saved, you save for ever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands and the rocks,—far in the darkness of the terrible streets,—these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them, in their trembling, from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death;* but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose; nor call to you, through your casement,—call (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who on the edge of happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers), saying,—

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown"?

Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed

* See note, p. 45.

from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise;—and still they turn to you and for you, “The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait.”

95. Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza; and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now:—

“Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate, alone.”

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often; sought Him in vain, all through the night; sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;—more: you shall see the troops of the angel keepers that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathside where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, “Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.” O—you queens—you queens; among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have

holes and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?

LECTURE III.*

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND ITS ARTS.

Lecture delivered in the theatre of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, 1868.

96. When I accepted the privilege of addressing you to-day, I was not aware of a restriction with respect to the topics of discussion which may be brought before this Society†—a restriction which, though entirely wise and right under the circumstances contemplated in its introduction, would necessarily have disabled me, thinking as I think, from preparing any lecture for you on the subject of art in a form which might be permanently useful. Pardon me, therefore, in so far as I must transgress such limitation; for indeed my infringement will be of the letter—not of the spirit—of your commands. In whatever I may say touching the religion which has been the foundation of art, or the policy which has contributed to its power, if I offend one, I shall offend all; for I shall take no note of any separations in creeds, or antagonisms in parties: neither do I fear that ultimately I shall offend any, by proving—or at least stating as capable of positive proof—the connection of all that is best in the crafts.

[* This lecture, which Ruskin published with the two preceding in the edition of 1871, but which he withdrew from the edition of 1882 as “irrelevant” to his main topics of discussion, is now regularly printed in *Sesame and Lilies* by his authorized publishers.]

† That no reference should be made to religious questions.

and arts of man, with the simplicity of his faith, and the sincerity of his patriotism.

97. But I speak to you under another disadvantage, by which I am checked in frankness of utterance, not here only, but everywhere: namely, that I am never fully aware how far my audiences are disposed to give me credit for real knowledge of my subject, or how far they grant me attention only because I have been sometimes thought an ingenious or pleasant essayist upon it. For I have had what, in many respects, I boldly call the misfortune, to set my words sometimes prettily together; not without a foolish vanity in the poor knack that I had of doing so: until I was heavily punished for this pride, by finding that many people thought of the words only, and cared nothing for their meaning. Happily, therefore, the power of using such pleasant language—if indeed it ever were mine—is passing away from me; and whatever I am now able to say at all, I find myself forced to say with great plainness. For my thoughts have changed also, as my words have; and whereas in earlier life, what little influence I obtained was due perhaps chiefly to the enthusiasm with which I was able to dwell on the beauty of the physical clouds, and of their colours in the sky; so all the influence I now desire to retain must be due to the earnestness with which I am endeavouring to trace the form and beauty of another kind of cloud than those; the bright cloud of which it is written—"What is your life? It is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

98. I suppose few people reach the middle or latter period of their age, without having, at some moment of change or disappointment, felt the truth of those bitter words; and been startled by the fading of the sunshine from the cloud of their life into the sudden agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream,

and the endurance of it as transient as the dew. But it is not always that, even at such times of melancholy surprise, we can enter into any true perception that this human life shares in the nature of it, not only the evanescence, but the mystery of the cloud; that its avenues are wreathed in darkness, and its forms and courses no less fantastic, than spectral and obscure; so that not only in the vanity which we cannot grasp, but in the shadow which we cannot pierce, it is true of this cloudy life of ours, that "man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain."

99. And least of all, whatever may have been the eagerness of our passions, or the height of our pride, are we able to understand in its depth the third and most solemn character in which our life is like those clouds of heaven; that to it belongs not only their transience, not only their mystery, but also their power; that in the cloud of the human soul there is a fire stronger than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain; and that thought of the good and evil it shall one day be said alike, that the place that knew them knows them no more, there is an infinite separation between those whose brief presence had there been a blessing, like the mist of Eden that went up from the earth to water the garden, and those whose place knew them only as a drifting and changeful shade of whom the heavenly sentence is, that they are "wells without water; clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever."

100. To those among us, however, who have lived long enough to form some just estimate of the rate of the changes which are, hour by hour in accelerating catastrophe, manifesting themselves in the laws, the arts, and the creeds of men, it seems to me, that now at least, it is never at any former time, the thoughts of the true nature of our life, and of its powers and responsibilities, should

present themselves with absolute sadness and sternness. And although I know that this feeling is much deepened in my own mind by disappointment, which, by chance, has attended the greater number of my cherished purposes, I do not for that reason distrust the feeling itself, though I am on my guard against an exaggerated degree of it: nay, I rather believe that in periods of new effort and violent change, disappointment is a wholesome medicine; and that in the secret of it, as in the twilight so beloved by Titian, we may see the colours of things with deeper truth than in the most dazzling sunshine. And because these truths about the works of men, which I want to bring to-day before you, are most of them sad ones, though at the same time helpful; and because also I believe that your kind Irish hearts will answer more gladly to the truthful expression of a personal feeling, than to the exposition of an abstract principle, I will permit myself so much unreserved speaking of my own causes of regret, as may enable you to make just allowance for what, according to your sympathies, you will call either the bitterness, or the insight, of a mind which has surrendered its best hopes, and been foiled in its favourite aims.

101. I spent the ten strongest years of my life, (from twenty to thirty,) in endeavouring to show the excellence of the work of the man whom I believed, and rightly believed, to be the greatest painter of the schools of England since Reynolds. I had then perfect faith in the power of every great truth of beauty to prevail ultimately, and take its right place in usefulness and honour; and I strove to bring the painter's work into this due place, while the painter was yet alive. But he knew, better than I, the uselessness of talking about what people could not see for themselves. He always discouraged me scornfully, even when he thanked me—and he died before even the superficial effect of my work was visible. I went on,

however, thinking I could at least be of use to the public; if not to him, in proving his power. My books got talked about a little. The prices of modern pictures, generally rose, and I was beginning to take some pleasure in a sense of gradual victory, when, fortunately or unfortunately, an opportunity of perfect trial undeceived me at once; and for ever. The Trustees of the National Gallery commissioned me to arrange the Turner drawings there, and permitted me to prepare three hundred examples of his studies from nature, for exhibition at Kensington. At Kensington they were, and are, placed for exhibition; but they are not exhibited, for the room in which they hang is always empty.

102. Well—this showed me at once, that those ten years of my life had been, in their chief purpose, lost. For that, I did not so much care; I had, at least, learned my own business thoroughly, and should be able, as I fondly supposed, after such a lesson, now to use my knowledge with better effect. But what I did care for was the—to me frightful—discovery, that the most splendid genius in the arts might be permitted by Providence to labour and perish uselessly; that in the very fineness of it there might be something rendering it invisible to ordinary eyes; but that, with this strange excellence, faults might be mingled which would be as deadly as its virtues were vain; that the glory of it was perishable, as well as invisible, and the gift and grace of it might be to us as snow in summer and as rain in harvest.

103. That was the first mystery of life to me. But while my best energy was given to the study of painting, I had put collateral effort, more prudent if less enthusiastic, into that of architecture; and in this I could not complain of meeting with no sympathy. Among several personal reasons which caused me to desire that I might give this, my closing lecture on the subject of art here, in

Ireland, one of the chief was, that in reading it, I should stand near the beautiful building,—the engineer's school of your college,—which was the first realization I had the joy to see, of the principles I had, until then, been endeavouring to teach! but which, alas, is now, to me, no more than the richly canopied monument of one of the most earnest souls that ever gave itself to the arts, and one of my truest and most loving friends, Benjamin Woodward. Nor was it here in Ireland only that I received the help of Irish sympathy and genius. When to another friend, Sir Thomas Deane, with Mr. Woodward, was entrusted the building of the museum at Oxford, the best details of the work were executed by sculptors who had been born and trained here; and the first window of the façade of the building, in which was inaugurated the study of natural science in England, in true fellowship with literature, was carved from my design by an Irish sculptor.

104. You may perhaps think that no man ought to speak of disappointment, to whom, even in one branch of labour, so much success was granted. Had Mr. Woodward now been beside me, I had not so spoken; but his gentle and passionate spirit was cut off from the fulfilment of its purposes, and the work we did together is now become vain. It may not be so in future; but the architecture we endeavoured to introduce is inconsistent alike with the reckless luxury, the deforming mechanism, and the squalid misery of modern cities; among the formative fashions of the day, aided, especially in England, by ecclesiastical sentiment, it indeed obtained notoriety; and sometimes behind an engine furnace, or a railroad bank, you may detect the pathetic discord of its momentary grace, and, with toil, decipher its floral carvings choked with soot. I felt answerable to the schools I loved, only for their injury. I perceived that this new portion of my strength had also been spent in vain; and from amidst

streets of iron, and palaces of crystal, shrank back at last to the carving of the mountain and colour of the flower.

105. And still I could tell of failure, and failure repeated, as years went on; but I have trespassed enough on your patience to show you, in part, the causes of my discouragement. Now let me more deliberately tell you its results. You know there is a tendency in the minds of many men, when they are heavily disappointed in the main purposes of their life, to feel, and perhaps in warning; perhaps in mockery, to declare, that life itself is a vanity. Because it has disappointed them, they think its nature is of disappointment always, or at best, of pleasure that can be grasped by imagination only; that the cloud of life has no strength nor fire within; but is a painted cloud only, to be delighted in, yet despised. You know how beautifully Pope has expressed this particular phase of thought:—

“Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying rays,
These painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense, by pride.
Hope builds as fast as Knowledge can destroy;
In Folly’s cup, still laughs the bubble joy.
One pleasure past, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain.”

But the effect of failure upon my own mind has been just the reverse of this. The more that my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me. It seemed, contrarily to Pope’s saying, that the vanity of life *was* indeed given in vain; but that there was something behind the veil of it, which was not vanity. It became to me not a painted cloud, but a terrible and impenetrable one: not a mirage, which vanished as I drew near, but a pillar of darkness, to which I was forbidden to draw near. For I saw that both my own failure, and such suc-

cess in petty things as in its poor triumph seemed to me worse than failure, came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence, and to bring it to noble and due end; as, on the other hand, I saw more and more clearly that all enduring success in the arts, or in any other occupation, had come from the ruling of lower purposes, not by a conviction of their nothingness, but by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature, or in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part of it would one day be swallowed up in immortality; and that indeed, the arts themselves never had reached any vital strength or honour, but in the effort to proclaim this immortality, and in the service either of great and just religion, or of some unselfish patriotism, and law of such national life as must be the foundation of religion.

106. Nothing that I have ever said is more true or necessary—nothing has been more misunderstood or misapplied—than my strong assertion that the arts can never be right themselves, unless their motive is right. It is misunderstood this way: weak painters, who have never earned their business, and cannot lay a true line, continually come to me, crying out—“Look at this picture of mine; it *must* be good, I had such a lovely motive. I have put my whole heart into it, and taken years to think over its treatment.” Well, the only answer for these people is—if one had the cruelty to make it—“Sir, you cannot think over *anything* in any number of years,—you haven’t the head to do it; and though you had fine motives, strong enough to make you burn yourself in a slow fire, if only first you could paint a picture, you can’t paint one, nor half an inch of one; you haven’t the hand to do it.”

But, far more decisively we have to say to the men who do not know their business, or may know it if they choose—

"Sir, you have this gift, and a mighty one; see that you serve your nation faithfully with it. It is a greater trust than ships and armies: you might cast *them* away, if you were their captain, with less treason to your people than in casting your own glorious power away, and serving the devil with it instead of men. Ships and armies you may replace if they are lost, but a great intellect, once abused is a curse to the earth for ever."

107. This, then, I meant by saying that the arts must have noble motive. This also I said respecting them, that they never had prospered, nor could prosper, but when they had such true purpose, and were devoted to the proclamation of divine truth or law. And yet I saw also that they had always failed in this proclamation—that poetry, and sculpture, and painting, though only great when they strove to teach us something about the gods, never had taught us anything trustworthy about the gods, but had always betrayed their trust in the crisis of it, and, with their powers at the full reach, became ministers to pride and to lust. And I felt also, with increasing amazement, the unconquerable apathy in ourselves and hearers, no less than in these the teachers; and that while the wisdom and rightness of every act and act of life could only be consistent with a right understanding of the ends of life, we were all plunged as in a languid dream—our hearts fat, and our eyes heavy, and our ears closed, lest the inspiration of hand or voice should reach us—lest we should see with our eyes, and understand with our hearts, and be healed.

108. This intense apathy in all of us is the first great mystery of life; it stands in the way of every perception, every virtue. There is no making ourselves feel enough of astonishment at it. That the occupations or pastimes of life should have no motive, is understandable; but—That life itself should have no motive—that we neither care

and out what it may lead to, nor to guard against its being for ever taken away from us—here is a mystery indeed. For just suppose I were able to call at this moment to any one in this audience by name, and to tell him positively that I knew a large estate had been lately left to him on some curious conditions; but that though I knew it was large, I did not know how large, nor even where it was—whether in the East Indies or the West, or in England, or at the Antipodes. I only knew it was a vast estate, and that there was a chance of his losing it altogether if he did not soon find out on what terms it had been left to him. Suppose I were able to say this positively to any single man in this audience, and he knew that I did not speak without warrant, do you think that he would rest content with that vague knowledge, if it were anywise possible to obtain more? Would he not give every energy to find some trace of the facts, and never rest till he had ascertained where this place was, and what it was like? And suppose he were a young man, and all he could discover by his best endeavour was that the estate was never to be his at all, unless he persevered, during certain years of probation, in an orderly and industrious life; but that, according to the rightness of his conduct, the portion of the estate assigned to him would be greater or less, so that it literally depended on his behaviour from day to day whether he got ten thousand a year, or thirty thousand a year, or nothing whatever—would you not think it strange if the youth never troubled himself to satisfy the conditions in any way, nor even to know what was required of him, but lived exactly as he chose, and never inquired whether his chances of the estate were increasing or passing away? Well, you know that this is actually and literally so with the greater number of the educated persons now living in Christian countries. Nearly every man and woman in any company such as this, out-

wardly professes to believe—and a large number unquestionably think they believe—much more than this; not only that a quite unlimited estate is in prospect for them if they please the Holder of it, but that the infinite contrary of such a possession—an estate of perpetual misery is in store for them if they displease this great Land-Holder, this great Heaven-Holder. And yet there is not one in a thousand of these human souls that cares to think, for ten minutes of the day, where this estate is, or how beautiful it is, or what kind of life they are to lead in it, or what kind of life they must lead to obtain it.

109. You fancy that you care to know this: so little you care that, probably, at this moment many of you are displeased with me for talking of the matter! You care to hear about the Art of this world, not about the Law of the next, and you are provoked with me for talking of what you can hear any Sunday in church. But do not be afraid. I will tell you something before you go about pictures, and carvings, and pottery, and what else you would like better to hear of than the other world. Nevertheless you say, "We want you to talk of pictures and pottery, because we are sure that you know something of them, and you know nothing of the other world." Well, I don't. That is quite true. But the very strangeness and mystery of which I urge you to take notice, is in this that I do not;—nor you either. Can you answer a single bold question unflinchingly about that other world?—Are you sure there is a heaven? Sure there is a hell? Sure that men are dropping before your faces through the pavements of these streets into eternal fire, or sure that they are not? Sure that at your own death you are going to be delivered from all sorrow, to be endowed with all virtue, to be gifted with all felicity, and raised into perpetual companionship with a King, compared to which the kings of the earth are as grasshoppers, and the nation

Is the dust of His feet? Are you sure of this? or, if not sure, do any of us so much as care to make it sure? and, if not, how can anything that we do be right—how can anything we think be wise? what honour can there be in the arts that amuse us, or what profit in the possessions that please?

Is not this a mystery of life?

110. But farther, you may, perhaps, think it a beneficent ordinance for the generality of men that they do not, with earnestness or anxiety, dwell on such questions of the future because the business of the day could not be done if this kind of thought were taken by all of us for the morrow. Be it so: but at least we might anticipate that the greatest and wisest of us, who were evidently the appointed teachers of the rest, would set themselves apart to seek out whatever could be surely known of the future destinies of their race; and to teach this in no rhetorical or ambiguous manner, but in the plainest and most severely earnest words.

Now, the highest representatives of men who have thus endeavoured, during the Christian era, to search out these deep things, and relate them, are Dante and Milton. There are none who for earnestness of thought, for mastery of word, can be classed with these. I am not at present, kind you, speaking of persons set apart in any priestly or pastoral office, to deliver creeds to us, or doctrines; but of men who try to discover and set forth, as far as by human intellect is possible, the facts of the other world. Divines may perhaps teach us how to arrive there, but only these two poets have in any powerful manner striven to discover, or in any definite words professed to tell, what we shall see and become there; or how those upper and ether worlds are, and have been, inhabited.

111. And what have they told us? Milton's account of the most important event in his whole system of the

universe, the fall of the angels, is evidently unbelievable to himself; and the more so, that it is wholly founded on and in a great part spoiled and degraded from, Hesiod's account of the decisive war of the younger gods with the Titans. The rest of his poem is a picturesque drama, in which every artifice of invention is visibly and consciously employed; not a single fact being, for an instant, conceived as tenable by any living faith. Dante's conception is far more intense, and, by himself, for the time, not to be escaped from; it is indeed a vision, but a vision only, and that one of the wildest that ever entranced a soul—a dream in which every grotesque type or phantasy of heathen tradition is renewed, and adorned; and the destinies of the Christian Church, under their most sacred symbols, become literally subordinate to the praise, and are only to be understood by the aid, of one dear Florentine maiden.

112. I tell you truly that, as I strive more with this strange lethargy and trance in myself, and awake to the meaning and power of life, it seems daily more amazing to me that men such as these should dare to play with the most precious truths, (or the most deadly untruths, by which the whole human race listening to them could be informed, or deceived;—all the world their audience for ever, with pleased ear, and passionate heart;—and yet to this submissive infinitude of souls, and evermore succeeding and succeeding multitude, hungry for bread of life, they do but play upon sweetly modulated pipes; with pompous nomenclature adorn the councils of hell; touch a troubadour's guitar to the courses of the suns; and fill the openings of eternity, before which prophets have veiled their faces, and which angels desire to look into, with idle puppets of their scholastic imagination, and melancholy lights of frantic faith in their lost mortal love.

Is not this a mystery of life?

113. But more. We have to remember that these two great teachers were both of them warped in their temper, and thwarted in their search for truth. They were men of intellectual war, unable, through darkness of controversy, or stress of personal grief, to discern where their own ambition modified their utterances of the moral law; or their own agony mingled with their anger at its violation. But greater men than these have been—innocent-hearted—too great for contest. Men, like Homer and Shakespeare, of so unrecognised personality, that it disappears in future ages, and becomes ghostly, like the tradition of a lost heathen god. Men, therefore, to whose unoffended, uncondemning sight, the whole of human nature reveals itself in a pathetic weakness, with which they will not strive; or in mournful and transitory strength, which they dare not praise. And all Pagan and Christian Civilization thus becomes subject to them. It does not matter how little, or how much, any of us have read, either of Homer or Shakespeare; everything round us, in substance, or in thought, has been moulded by them. All Greek gentlemen were educated under Homer. All Roman gentlemen, by Greek literature. All Italian, and French, and English gentlemen, by Roman literature, and by its principles. Of the scope of Shakespeare, I will say only, that the intellectual measure of every man since born, in the domains of creative thought, may be assigned to him, according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare. Well, what do these two men, centres of mortal intelligence, deliver to us of conviction respecting what it most behoves that intelligence to grasp? What is their hope—their crown of rejoicing? what manner of exhortation have they for us, or of rebuke? what does next their own hearts, and dictates their undying words? Have they any peace to promise to our unrest—any redemption to our misery?

114. Take Homer first, and think if there is any sadder image of human fate than the great Homeric story. The main features in the character of Achilles are its intense desire of justice, and its tenderness of affection. And in that bitter song of the "Iliad," this man, though aided continually by the wisest of the gods, and burning with the desire of justice in his heart, becomes yet, through ill-governed passion, the most unjust of men: and, full of the deepest tenderness in his heart, becomes yet, through ill-governed passion, the most cruel of men. Intense alike in love and in friendship, he loses, first his mistress and then his friend; for the sake of the one, he surrenders to death the armies of his own land; for the sake of the other, he surrenders all. Will a man lay down his life for his friend? Yea—even for his *dead* friend, this Achilles, though goddess-born, and goddess-taught, gives up his kingdom, his country, and his life—casts alike the innocent and guilty, with himself, into one gulf of slaughter and dies at last by the hand of the basest of his adversaries.

Is not this a mystery of life?

115. But what, then, is the message to us of our own poet, and searcher of hearts, after fifteen hundred years of Christian faith have been numbered over the graves of men? Are his words more cheerful than the Heathen's—is his hope more near—his trust more sure—his reading of fate more happy? Ah, no! He differs from the Heathen poet chiefly in this—that he recognizes, for deliverance, no gods nigh at hand; and that, by petty chance—by momentary folly—by broken message—by fool's tyranny—or traitor's snare, the strongest and most righteous are brought to their ruin, and perish without word of hope. He indeed, as part of his rendering of character, ascribes the power and modesty of habitual devotion to the gentle and the just. The death-bed of Katharine is bright with

sions of angels; and the great soldier-king, standing by his few dead, acknowledges the presence of the Hand that can save alike by many or by few. But observe that from those who with deepest spirit, meditate, and with deepest passion, mourn, there are no such words as these; nor in their hearts are any such consolations. Instead of the perpetual sense of the helpful presence of the Deity, which, through all heathen tradition, is the source of heroic strength, in battle, in exile, and in the valley of the shadow of death, we find only in the great Christian poet, the consciousness of a moral law, through which "the gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us"; and of the resolved arbitration of the destinies, that conclude into precision of doom what we feebly and blindly began; and force us, when our indiscretion serves us, and our deepest plots do pall, to the confession, that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

Is not this a mystery of life?

116. Be it so, then. About this human life that is to be, or that is, the wise religious men tell us nothing that we can trust; and the wise contemplative men, nothing that can give us peace. But there is yet a third class, to whom we may turn—the wise practical men. We have sat at the feet of the poets who sang of heaven, and they have told us their dreams. We have listened to the poets who sang of earth, and they have chanted to us dirges and words of despair. But there is one class of men more:—men, not capable of vision, nor sensitive to sorrow, but firm of purpose—practised in business; learned in all that can be, (by handling,) known. Men, whose hearts and hopes are wholly in this present world, from whom, therefore, we may surely learn, at least, how, at present, conveniently to live in it. What will *they* say to us, or show us by example? These kings—these councillors—these

statesmen and builders of kingdoms—these capitalists and men of business, who weigh the earth, and the dust of it in a balance. They know the world, surely; and what is the mystery of life to us, is none to them. They can surely show us how to live, while we live, and to gather out of the present world what is best.

117. I think I can best tell you their answer, by telling you a dream I had once. For though I am no poet, I have dreams sometimes:—I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them, by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers; sweet grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties; and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarrelled violently which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then they trampled down each other's bit of the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last breath-

ess in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.*

118. Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them, there had been provided every kind of indoor pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum full of the most curious shells, and animals, and birds; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses, for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes, and kaleidoscopes; and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining-room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

But, in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children, that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs; and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently, the others, who were reading, or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and, in a little while, all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then, everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last, the really practical and sensible ones declared, that nothing was of any real consequence, that afternoon, except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books, and the cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only, if they could be exchanged for nail-heads. And at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there, a despised one shrank away into a

* I have sometimes been asked what this means. I intended it to set forth the wisdom of men in war contending for kingdoms, and what follows to set forth their wisdom in peace, contending for wealth.

corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon—even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no—it was—“Who has most nails? I have a hundred, and you have fifty; or, I have a thousand, and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave this house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace.” At last they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, “What a false dream that is, of *children!*” The child is the father of the man; and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do.

119. But there is yet one last class of persons to be interrogated. The wise religious men we have asked in vain; the wise contemplative men, in vain; the wise worldly men, in vain. But there is another group yet. In the midst of this vanity of empty religion—of tragic contemplation—of wrathful and wretched ambition, and disputing for dust, there is yet one great group of persons, by whom all these disputers live—the persons who have determined or have had it by a beneficent Providence determined for them, that they will do something useful; that whatever may be prepared for them hereafter, or happen to them here, they will, at least, deserve the food that God gives them by winning it honourably: and that, however fallen from the purity, or far from the peace, of Eden, they will carry out the duty of human dominion, though they have lost its felicity; and dress and keep the wilderness, though they no more can dress or keep the garden.

These,—hewers of wood, and drawers of water,—these bent under burdens, or torn of scourges—these, that dig and weave—that plant and build; workers in wood, and in marble, and in iron—by whom all food, clothing, habitation, furniture, and means of delight are produced, fo-

themselves, and for all men beside; men, whose deeds are good, though their words may be few; men, whose lives are serviceable, be they never so short, and worthy of honour, be they never so humble;—from these, surely, at least, we may receive some clear message of teaching; and pierce, for an instant, into the mystery of life, and of its arts.

120. Yes; from these, at last, we do receive a lesson. But I grieve to say, or rather—for that is the deeper truth of the matter—I rejoice to say—this message of theirs can only be received by joining them—not by thinking about them.

You sent for me to talk to you of art; and I have obeyed you in coming. But the main thing I have to tell you is,—that art must not be talked about. The fact that there is talk about it at all, signifies that it is ill done, or cannot be done. No true painter ever speaks, or ever has spoken, much of his art. The greatest speak nothing. Even Reynolds is no exception, for he wrote of all that he could not himself do, and was utterly silent respecting all that he himself did.

The moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories.

121. Does a bird need to theorize about building its nest, or boast of it when built? All good work is essentially done that way—without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting; and in the doers of the best, there is an inner and involuntary power which approximates literally to the instinct of an animal—nay, I am certain that in the most perfect human artists, reason does not supersede instinct, but is added to an instinct as much more divine than that of the lower animals as the human body is more beautiful than theirs; that a great singer sings not with less instinct than the nightingale, but with

more—only more various, applicable, and governable; that a great architect does not build with less instinct than the beaver or the bee, but with more—with an innate cunning of proportion that embraces all beauty, and a divine ingenuity of skill that improvises all construction. But be that as it may—be the instinct less or more than that of inferior animals—like or unlike theirs, still the human art is dependent on that first, and then upon an amount of practice, of science,—and of imagination disciplined by thought, which the true possessor of it knows to be incommunicable, and the true critic of it, inexplicable, except through long process of laborious years. That journey of life's conquest, in which hills over hills, and Alps over Alps arose, and sank,—do you think you can make another trace it painlessly, by talking? Why, you cannot even carry us up an Alp, by talking. You can guide us up it, step by step, no otherwise—even so, best silently. You girls, who have been among the hills, know how the bad guide chatters and gesticulates, and it is “Put your foot here”; and “Mind how you balance yourself there”; but the good guide walks on quietly, without a word, only with his eyes on you when need is, and his arm like an iron bar, if need be.

122. In that slow way, also, art can be taught—if you have faith in your guide, and will let his arm be to you as an iron bar when need is. But in what teacher of art have you such faith? Certainly not in me; for, as I told you at first, I know well enough it is only because you think I can talk, not because you think I know my business, that you let me speak to you at all. If I were to tell you anything that seemed to you strange you would not believe it, and yet it would only be in telling you strange things that I could be of use to you. I could be of great use to you—infinite use—with brief saying, if you would believe it; but you would not, just because the

thing that would be of real use would displease you. You
 are all wild, for instance, with admiration of Gustave Doré.
 Well, suppose I were to tell you, in the strongest terms I
 could use, that Gustave Doré's art was bad—bad, not in
 weakness,—not in failure,—but bad with dreadful power
 —the power of the Furies and the Harpies mingled, enrag-
 ing, and polluting; that so long as you looked at it, no
 perception of pure or beautiful art was possible for you.
 Suppose I were to tell you that! What would be the use?
 Would you look at Gustave Doré less? Rather, more, I
 fancy. On the other hand, I could soon put you into good
 humour with me, if I chose. I know well enough what
 you like, and how to praise it to your better liking. I
 could talk to you about moonlight, and twilight, and
 bring flowers, and autumn leaves, and the Madonnas of
 Raphael—how motherly! and the Sibyls of Michael An-
 gelo—how majestic! and the Saints of Angelico—how
 pious! and the Cherubs of Correggio—how delicious! Old
 as I am, I could play you a tune on the harp yet, that you
 could dance to. But neither you nor I should be a bit the
 better or wiser; or, if we were, our increased wisdom could
 be of no practical effect. For, indeed, the arts, as regards
 teachableness, differ from the sciences also in this, that
 their power is founded not merely on facts which can be
 communicated, but on dispositions which require to be
 created. Art is neither to be achieved by effort of think-
 ing, nor explained by accuracy of speaking. It is the in-
 ductive and necessary result of power, which can only
 be developed through the mind of successive generations,
 and which finally burst into life under social conditions
 as slow of growth as the faculties they regulate. Whole
 centuries of mighty history are summed, and the passions of
 dead myriads are concentrated, in the existence of a noble
 art; and if that noble art were among us, we should feel
 and rejoice; not caring in the least to hear lectures on

it; and since it is not among us, be assured we have to go back to the root of it, or, at least, to the place where the stock of it is yet alive, and the branches began to die.

123. And now, may I have your pardon for pointing out, partly with reference to matters which are at the time of greater moment than the arts—that if we undertook such recession to the vital germ of national arts that have decayed, we should find a more singular arrest of their power in Ireland than in any other European country? For in the eighth century Ireland possessed a school of art in her manuscripts and sculpture, which, in many of its qualities—apparently in all essential qualities of decorative invention—was quite without rival; seeming as if it might have advanced to the highest triumphs in architecture and in painting. But there was one fatal flaw in its nature, by which it was stayed, and stayed with a conspicuousness of pause to which there is no parallel: so that, long ago, in tracing the progress of European schools from infancy to strength, I chose for the students of Kensington, in a lecture since published, two characteristic examples of early art, of equal skill; but in the one case, skill which was progressive—in the other, skill which was at pause. In the one case, it was work receptive of correction—hungry for correction; and in the other, work which inherently rejected correction. I chose for them a corrigible Eve, and an incorrigible Angel, and I grieve to say that the incorrigible Angel was also an Irish Angel!*

124. And the fatal difference lay wholly in this. In both pieces of art there was an equal falling short of the needs of fact; but the Lombardic Eve knew she was the wrong, and the Irish Angel thought himself all right. The eager Lombardic sculptor, though firmly insisting on his childish idea, yet showed in the irregular broken

* See *The Two Paths*, §§ 28 et seq.

touches of the features, and the imperfect struggle for softer lines in the form, a perception of beauty and law that he could not render; there was the strain of effort, under conscious imperfection, in every line. But the Irish missal-painter had drawn his angel with no sense of failure, in happy complacency, and put red dots into the palm of each hand, and rounded the eyes into perfect circles, and, I regret to say, left the mouth out altogether, with perfect satisfaction to himself.

125. May I without offence ask you to consider whether this mode of arrest in ancient Irish art may not be indicative of points of character which even yet, in some measure, arrest your national power? I have seen much of Irish character, and have watched it closely, for I have also much loved it. And I think the form of failure to which it is most liable is this,—that being generous-hearted, and wholly intending always to do right, it does not attend to the external laws of right, but thinks it must necessarily do right because it means to do so, and therefore does wrong without finding it out; and then, when the consequences of its wrong come upon it, or upon others connected with it, it cannot conceive that the wrong is in anywise of its causing or of its doing, but flies into wrath, and a strange agony of desire for justice, as feeling itself wholly innocent, which leads it farther astray, until there is nothing that it is not capable of doing with a good conscience.

126. But mind, I do not mean to say that, in past or present relations between Ireland and England, you have been wrong, and we right. Far from that, I believe that in all great questions of principle, and in all details of administration of law, you have been usually right, and we wrong; sometimes in misunderstanding you, sometimes in resolute iniquity to you. Nevertheless, in all disputes between states, though the stronger is nearly al-

ways mainly in the wrong, the weaker is often so in a minor degree; and I think we sometimes admit the possibility of our being in error, and you never do.

127. And now, returning to the broader question, what these arts and labours of life have to teach us of its mystery, this is the first of their lessons—that the more beautiful the art, the more it is essentially the work of people who *feel themselves wrong*;—who are striving for the fulfilment of a law, and the grasp of a loveliness, which they have not yet attained, which they feel even farther and farther from attaining the more they strive for it. And yet, in still deeper sense, it is the work of people who know also that they are right. The very sense of inevitable error from their purpose marks the perfectness of that purpose, and the continued sense of failure arises from the continued opening of the eyes more clearly to all the sacredest laws of truth.

128. This is one lesson. The second is a very plain and greatly precious one: namely—that whenever the arts and labours of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do, honourably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man. In all other paths by which that happiness is pursued there is disappointment, or destruction: for ambition and for passion there is no rest—no fruition; the fairest pleasures of youth perish in a darkness greater than their past light: and the loftiest and purest love too often does but inflame the cloud of life with endless fire of pain. But, ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry worthily followed, gives peace. Ask the labourer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artisan, or the strong-armed fiery-hearted worker in bronze, and in marble, and with the colours of light; and none of these, who are true work-

men, will ever tell you, that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one—that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if, indeed, it was rendered faithfully to the command—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—do it with thy might."

129. These are the two great and constant lessons which our labourers teach us of the mystery of life. But there is another, and a sadder one, which they cannot teach us, which we must read on their tombstones.

"Do it with thy might." There have been myriads upon myriads of human creatures who have obeyed this law—who have put every breath and nerve of their being into its toil—who have devoted every hour, and exhausted every faculty—who have bequeathed their unaccomplished thoughts at death—who, being dead, have yet spoken, by majesty of memory, and strength of example. And, at last, what has all this "Might" of humanity accomplished, in six thousand years of labour and sorrow? What has it *done*? Take the three chief occupations and arts of men, one by one, and count their achievements. Begin with the first—the lord of them all—Agriculture. Six thousand years have passed since we were set to till the ground, from which we were taken. How much of it is tilled? How much of that which is, wisely or well? In the very centre and chief garden of Europe—where the two forms of parent Christianity have had their fortresses—where the noble Catholics of the Forest Cantons, and the noble Protestants of the Vaudois valleys, have maintained, for dateless ages, their faiths and liberties—there the unchecked Alpine rivers yet run wild in devastation; and the marshes, which a few hundred men could redeem with a year's labour, still blast their helpless inhabitants into fevered idiotism. That is so, in the centre of Europe! While, on the near coast of Africa, once the Garden of the

Hesperides, an Arab woman, but a few sunsets since, at her child, for famine. And, with all the treasures of the East at our feet, we, in our own dominion, could not find a few grains of rice, for a people that asked of us no more but stood by, and saw five hundred thousand of their perish of hunger.

130. Then, after agriculture, the art of kings, take the next head of human arts—Weaving; the art of queen, honoured of all noble Heathen women, in the person of their virgin goddess—honoured of all Hebrew women, by the word of their wisest king—"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself covering of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant." What have we done in all these thousands of years with the bright art of Greek maid and Christian matron? Six thousand years of weaving, and have we learned to weave? Might not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colour from the cold? What have we done? Our fingers are too few, it seems, to twist together some poor covering for our bodies. We set our streams to work for us, and choke the air with fire, to turn our spinning-wheels—and,—*are we yet clothed?* Are not the streets of the capitals of Europe foul with sale of cast clouts and rotten rags? Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness and disgrace, while, with better honour, nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of the wolf in her den? And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robed, and shroud what you have not shrouded; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven in wasted souls, to witness against you hereafter, by the

voice of their Christ,—“I was naked, and ye clothed me not”?

131. Lastly—take the Art of Building—the strongest—proudest—most orderly—most enduring of the arts of man; that of which the produce is in the surest manner accumulative, and need not perish, or be replaced; but if once well done, will stand more strongly than the unbalanced rocks—more prevalently than the crumbling hills. The art which is associated with all civic pride and sacred principle; with which men record their power—satisfy their enthusiasm—make sure their defence—define and make dear their habitation. And in six thousand years of building, what have we done? Of the greater part of all that skill and strength, *no* vestige is left, but fallen stones, that encumber the fields and impede the streams. But, from this waste of disorder, and of time, and of rage, what is left to us? Constructive and progressive creatures, that we are, with ruling brains, and forming hands, capable of fellowship, and thirsting for fame, can we not contend, in comfort, with the insects of the forest, or, in achievement, with the worm of the sea? The white surf ages in vain against the ramparts built by poor atoms of scarcely nascent life; but only ridges of formless ruin mark the places where once dwelt our noblest multitudes. The ant and the moth have cells for each of their young, but our little ones lie in festering heaps, in homes that consume them like graves; and night by night, from the corners of our streets, rises up the cry of the homeless—I was a stranger, and ye took me not in.”

132. Must it be always thus? Is our life for ever to be without profit—without possession? Shall the strength of its generations be as barren as death; or cast away their labour, as the wild fig-tree casts her untimely figs? Is it all a dream then—the desire of the eyes and the pride of life—or, if it be, might we not live in nobler dream than

this? The poets and prophets, the wise men, and the scribes, though they have told us nothing about a life to come, have told us much about the life that is now. They have had—they also,—their dreams, and we have laughed at them. They have dreamed of mercy, and of justice; they have dreamed of peace and good-will; they have dreamed of labour undisappointed, and of rest undisturbed; they have dreamed of fulness in harvest, and overflowing in store; they have dreamed of wisdom in council, and of providence in law; of gladness of parent and strength of children, and glory of grey hairs. And at these visions of theirs we have mocked, and held them for idle and vain, unreal and unaccomplishable. What have we accomplished with our realities? Is this what has come of our worldly wisdom, tried against their folly? Is this, our mightiest possible, against their impotent ideas? Or, have we only wandered among the spectra of a base felicity, and chased phantoms of the tombs, instead of visions of the Almighty; and walked after the imaginations of our evil hearts, instead of after the counsels of Eternity, until our lives—not in the likeness of the clouds of heaven, but of the smoke of hell—have become “as vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away”?

133. *Does it vanish then? Are you sure of that?* Are you sure, that the nothingness of the grave will be a rest from this troubled nothingness; and that the coiling shadow which disquiets itself in vain, cannot change into the smoke of the torment that ascends for ever? Will you answer that they *are* sure of it, and that there is no fear, nor hope, nor desire, nor labour, whither they go? Be so: will you not, then, make as sure of the Life that is to come, as you are of the Death that is to come? Your hearts are wholly in this world—will you not give them to God wisely, as well as perfectly? And see, first of all, that you

have hearts, and sound hearts, too, to give. Because you have no heaven to look for, is that any reason that you should remain ignorant of this wonderful and infinite earth, which is firmly and instantly given you in possession? Although your days are numbered, and the following darkness sure, is it necessary that you should share the degradation of the brute, because you are condemned to its mortality; or live the life of the moth, and of the worm, because you are to companion them in the dust? Not so; we may have but a few thousands of days to spend, perhaps hundreds only—perhaps tens; nay, the longest of our time and best, looked back on, will be but as a moment, as the twinkling of an eye; still we are men, not insects; we are living spirits, not passing clouds. “He maketh the winds His messengers; the momentary fire, His minister;” and shall we do less than *these*? Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them; and, as we snatch our narrow portion of time out of Eternity, snatch also our narrow inheritance of passion out of Immortality—even though our lives be as a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

134. But there are some of you who believe not this—who think this cloud of life has no such close—that it is to float, revealed and illumined, upon the floor of heaven, on the day when He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him. Some day, you believe, within these five, or ten, or twenty years, for every one of us the judgment will be set, and the books opened. If that be true, far more than that must be true. Is there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment—every day is a *Dies Iræ*, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of its West. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment—the insects that

we crush are our judges—the moments we fret away are our judges—the elements that feed us, judge, as they minister—and the pleasures that deceive us, judge, as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of Men while we bear the form of them, if indeed those lives are *Not* a vapour, and do not *Not* vanish away.

135. "The work of men"—and what is that? Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get; and the best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one—we want to keep back part of the price; and we continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it—as if it was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be—crucified upon. "They that are His have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." Does that mean, think you, that in time of national distress, of religious trial, of crisis for every interest and hope of humanity—none of us will cease jesting, none cease idling, none put themselves to any wholesome work, none take so much as a tag of lace off their footmen's coats, to save the world? Or does it rather mean, that they are ready to leave houses, lands, and kindreds—yes, and life, if need be? Life!—some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But "*station in Life*"—how many of us are ready to quit *that*? Is it not always the great objection, where there is a question of finding something useful to do—"We cannot leave our stations in Life"?

Those of us who really cannot—that is to say, who can only maintain themselves by continuing in some business or salaried office, have already something to do; and all that they have to see to is, that they do it honestly and with all their might. But with most people who use that apology, "remaining in the station of life to which Providence

has called them" means keeping all the carriages, and all the footmen and large houses they can possibly pay for; and, once for all, I say that if ever Providence *did* put them into stations of that sort—which is not at all a matter of certainty—Providence is just now very distinctly calling them out again. Levi's station in life was the receipt of custom; and Peter's, the shore of Galilee; and Paul's, the antechambers of the High Priest,—which "station in life" each had to leave, with brief notice.

And, whatever our station in life may be, at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty ought first to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can.

And sure good is, first in feeding people, then in dressing people, then in lodging people, and lastly in rightly pleasing people, with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought.

136. I say first in feeding; and, once for all, do not let yourselves be deceived by any of the common talk of "indiscriminate charity." The order to us is not to feed the deserving hungry, nor the industrious hungry, nor the amiable and well-intentioned hungry, but simply to feed the hungry. It is quite true, infallibly true, that if any man will not work, neither should he eat—think of that, and every time you sit down to your dinner, ladies and gentlemen, say solemnly, before you ask a blessing, "How much work have I done to-day for my dinner?" But the proper way to enforce that order on those below you, as well as on yourselves, is not to leave vagabonds and honest people to starve together, but very distinctly to discern and seize your vagabond; and shut your vagabond up out of honest people's way, and very sternly then see that, until he has worked, he does *not* eat. But the first thing is to be sure you have the food to give; and, there-

fore, to enforce the organization of vast activities in agriculture and in commerce, for the production of the wholesomest food, and proper storing and distribution of it, so that no famine shall any more be possible among civilized beings. There is plenty of work in this business alone, and at once, for any number of people who like to engage in it.

137. Secondly, dressing people—that is to say, urging every one within reach of your influence to be always neat and clean, and giving them means of being so. In so far as they absolutely refuse, you must give up the effort with respect to them, only taking care that no children within your sphere of influence shall any more be brought up with such habits; and that every person who is willing to dress with propriety shall have encouragement to do so. And the first absolutely necessary step towards this is the gradual adoption of a consistent dress for different ranks of persons, so that their rank shall be known by their dress; and the restriction of the changes of fashion within certain limits. All which appears for the present quite impossible; but it is only so far even difficult as it is difficult to conquer our vanity, frivolity, and desire to appear what we are not. And it is not, nor ever shall be, creeds of mine, that these mean and shallow vices are unconquerable by Christian women.

138. And then, thirdly, lodging people, which you may think should have been put first, but I put it third, because we must feed and clothe people where we find them and lodge them afterwards. And providing lodgment for them means a great deal of vigorous legislature, and cutting down of vested interests that stand in the way, and after that, or before that, so far as we can get it, thorough sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have, and then the building of more, strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to the streams, and walled round, so that there may be no fe-

tering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy street within, and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that from any part of the city perfectly fresh air and grass, and sight of far horizon, might be reachable in a few minutes' walk. This the final aim; but in immediate action every minor and possible good to be instantly done, when, and as, we can; roofs mended that have holes in them—fences patched that have gaps in them—walls buttressed that totter—and floors propped that shake; cleanliness and order enforced with our own hands and eyes, till we are breathless, every day. And all the fine arts will healthily follow. I myself have washed a flight of stone stairs all down, with bucket and broom, in a Savoy inn, where they hadn't washed their stairs since they first went up them; and I never made a better sketch than that afternoon.

139. These, then, are the three first needs of civilized life; and the law for every Christian man and woman is, that they shall be in direct service towards one of these three needs, as far as is consistent with their own special occupation, and if they have no special business, then wholly in one of these services. And out of such exertion in plain duty all other good will come; for in this direct contention with material evil, you will find out the real nature of all evil; you will discern by the various kinds of resistance, what is really the fault and main antagonism to good; also you will find the most unexpected helps and profound lessons given, and truths will come thus down to us which the speculation of all our lives would never have raised us up to. You will find nearly every educational problem solved, as soon as you truly want to do something; everybody will become of use in their own fittest way, and will learn what is best for them to know in that use. Competitive examination will then, and not till then, be wholesome, because it will be daily, and calm,

and in practice; and on these familiar arts, and minute, but certain and serviceable knowledges, will be surely edified and sustained the greater arts and splendid theoretical sciences.

140. But much more than this. On such holy and simple practice will be founded, indeed, at last, an infallible religion. The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which, obeyed, keeps all religions pure—forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving—"Lord, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are." At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good, (and who but fools couldn't?) then do it; push at it together: you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over. I will not speak of the crimes which in past times have been committed in the name of Christ, nor of the follies which are at this hour held to be consistent with obedience to Him; but I *will* speak of the morbid corruption and waste of vital power in religious sentiment, by which the pure strength of that which should be the guiding soul of every nation, the splendour of its youthful manhood, and spotless light of its maidenhood, is averted or cast away. You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly; who cannot sew, who

cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a medicine, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride; you will find girls like these, when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would have either solved for them in an instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn, and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.

So with our youths. We once taught them to make Latin verses, and called them educated; now we teach them to leap and to row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated. Can they plough, can they sow, can they plant at the right time, or build with a steady hand? Is it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed? Indeed it is, with some, nay, with many, and the strength of England is in them, and the hope; but we have to turn their courage from the toil of war to the toil of mercy; and their intellect from dispute of words to discernment of things; and their knighthood from the errantry of adventure to the state and fidelity of a kingly power. And then, indeed, shall abide, for them and for us, an incorruptible felicity, and an infallible religion; shall abide for us Faith, no more to be assailed by temptation, no more to be defended by wrath and by fear;—shall abide with us Hope,

no more to be quenched by the years that overwhelm, or made ashamed by the shadows that betray:—shall abide for us, and with us, the greatest of these; the abiding will, the abiding name of our Father. For the greatest of these is Charity.

NOTES

* * * Ruskin himself divided the text into sections of one or more paragraphs each, numbering them consecutively through the volume. After the pupil has read a section carefully, and has done his best to understand the author's meaning, he is advised to turn to these notes for information and suggestion. The number in bold-faced type refers to the section.

LECTURE I.—SESAME.

Sesame. Where have you heard the word before? What other word was used with it? Read again in the *Arabian Nights* the story of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. Consult Ruskin's explanation, paragraph 50, of the word "sesame" as used in this lecture.

1. Touch the compass of it. Reach the outer boundaries of the subject and treat all that is included in it. **Our daily enlarging means of education.** Are the means of education enlarging daily in this country now? Give instances. Why did the spread of education lead Ruskin to speak publicly on books and reading? **The irrigation of literature.** What is irrigation? How does the figure apply to literature?

2. The famous Blue Coat School, Christ's Hospital, and the Workingmen's College were among these schools. Find out something about each of them, reading especially Lamb's *Recollections of Christ's Hospital* and *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago*. **Double-belled doors.** One bell for visitors, the other for tradesmen. **An education which, in itself, is advancement of life.** How can one kind of education be in itself advancement of life, and another in death? Keep this question in mind as you read the remainder of the lecture, and when you have finished show how Ruskin has answered it.

3. Indeed, among the ideas, etc. This statement was made of England in 1864. Is it true of America forty odd years

later? Give reasons for your answer. **Practically, then, etc.** Do you agree that this is what the term means as commonly used? **The last infirmity of noble minds.** From Milton's *Lycidas*:-

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Has Ruskin quoted accurately? **The greatest efforts of the race, etc.** Corroborate or overthrow these statements by citing instances from history.

4. **Mortal, mortification.** From what Latin word are the words derived? **My Lord.** Bishops of the Church of England and peers of the realm and members of the House of Lords. **And prince, etc.** How far does this seem to you true?

5. **My writings on Political Economy.** Especially *Unpleasantness of This Last* and *Munera Pulveris*. **Therefore, let me ask, etc.** What is your opinion on this subject? **Tertiary, collateral.** What is the derivation of these words?

7. **Privy council.** The sovereign's political advisers; somewhat similar to the President's cabinet.

8. **Ephemeral.** Find the literal meaning of the word. **For all books are divisible, etc.** After reading carefully this and the following paragraph, give five examples of each class of books from your own reading.

9. **That is a "Book."** Do you know any such book?

11. **Entrée.** Right to enter. **Inherent, aristocracy.** What do these words mean by derivation? **By your aristocracy and companionship, etc.** Explain what Ruskin means to say here with reference to reading.

12. **Elysian gates.** The gates of the Elysian fields, where the great and good were believed to live after death. **Portière, Gates. Faubourg St. Germain.** A part of Paris, where the nobility lived.

13. **He cannot say it all their deeper thoughts.** "Hence there is in every word set down by the imaginative mind an awful undercurrent of meaning, and evidence and shadow upon it of the deep places out of which it has come."—*Modern Painters*, vol. ii, sect. ii, chap. iii, sect. 5. Read also *The Queen of the Air*, sect. 17.

15. **For though it is only by reason, etc.** Tell what the sentence means in simple language. **Intensely, opposition, literature, illiterate, consent, accidental, nomenclature.**

principle. Explain the meanings of these words by reference to their derivation. **The entire difference**, etc. Test by this statement the people whom you consider educated. Will the education you are now gaining enable you to stand this test? **The British Museum.** In London, containing about two million books. **Peerage of words.** The relative rank of words as determined by their ancestry or derivation. **Canaille.** French for the masses, the common people. **Noblesse.** French for the nobility. **Yet he has only to speak**, etc. In what ways may his speech betray his illiteracy? **A false accent or a mistaken syllable.** In a Latin quotation, that is, as the next paragraph shows.

16. **A few words, well chosen and distinguished**, etc. Illustrate this principle from the use of words in this essay or in any other piece of good literature. **There are masked words**, etc. Suggest a few words of this type current at the present time. **Chamæleon cloaks.** "Chamæleon" is literally "ground-lion;" hence the words "lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it." The chameleon is actually, however, a kind of lizard which changes its color according to the color of its surroundings. **Unjust stewards.** *Luke xvi. 1-8.* **His favourite masked word.** What is yours?

17. **Languages so mongrel in breed as the English.** This statement is explained in sect. 19. **In morocco binding.** "No leather idol of Polynesia was ever a sign of a more shameful idolatry than the modern notion in the minds of certainly the majority of English religious persons, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and the earth, standing out of the water and in the water—the Word of God which came to the prophets, and comes still forever to all who will hear it, (and to many who will forbear): and which, called Faithful and True, is to lead forth, in the judgment, the armies of heaven,—that this 'Word of God' may yet be bound at our pleasure in morocco, and carried about in a young lady's pocket, with tasselled ribands to mark the passages she most approves of."—*Aratra Pentelici*, sect. 64. **Sown on any wayside**, etc. Read the parable of the sower, *Matthew xiii. 3-8.*

18. **Vulgar.** In the sense of common. Note the derivation of the word. **Divisions in the mind of Europe**, Referring to religious wars, which Ruskin says have been rendered possible by ignoring the primitive meaning of the words *church* and *priest*.

19. **Max Müller.** A German philologist, for some time professor at Oxford. His *Lectures on the Science of Language* were among the first to popularise modern philological scholarship.

20. "Last came, and last did go," etc. Read the entire poem, and try to study the words in another passage somewhat as Ruskin has done here. **The pilot of the Galilean lake.** St. Peter, who was a fisherman on the sea of Galilee. **Two massy keys.** *Matthew* xvi. 19. **Amain.** Firmly, with force. **Mitred locks.** The mitre is the symbol of the bishop's office. **Swain.** Shepherd. **Enow.** Enough. **What reck's it them?** What do they care? **They are sped.** They are prosperous or provided for. **List.** Like or please, as in, "The wind bloweth where it *listeth*." **Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.** Note the sound of this line as read aloud. What does its sound seem to imitate? **Scrannel.** Thin. **Pipes.** Musical instruments made by shepherds from reeds.

21. **Never think** etc. After reading this paragraph, "hunt down patiently," according to Ruskin's directions in sect. 19 several words whose origin and meaning you do not thoroughly know. **Lords over the heritage,** etc. 1 *Peter* v. 3.

22. **Broken metaphor.** Mixed metaphor. Give other examples. **A "Bishop" means,** etc. From what do these meanings come? **Bill and Nancy.** A reference to Dickens's *Oliver Twist*. **Salisbury steeple.** The steeple of Salisbury cathedral, the highest in England. **They may be right,** etc. *Cf.* sect. 13: "Be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning not to find yours." See also sect. 25.

23. **Spirit, inspiration, expire.** What other English words have this same root? **Cretinous.** From *cretin*, a deformed idiot.

24. **Milton and Dante.** The reference is to the following passage of the *Purgatorio* (canto ix):—

"Forth he drew

Two keys, of metal twain: the one was gold,
Its fellow silver. With the pallid first,
And next the burnished, he so plyed the gate
As to content me well."—(Cary's translation.)

Have taken away the key of knowledge. *Luke* ii. 52. **He that watereth.** *Proverbs* ii. 25. **The rock-apostle.** *Matthew* xvi. 18. **Take him, and bind him,** etc. *Matthew* xxii. 13.

25. **Which is rightly called reading.** Tell in your own words what Ruskin calls reading. **Annihilating.** What is the derivation of this word? What does the whole phrase mean?

Materials. What are the "materials" for thinking? **Mix the music with our thoughts.** From Emerson's *To Rhea*—

"He mixes music with her thoughts,
And saddens her with heavenly doubts."

The scene with the bishops. *Richard III*, act iii, scene 7, **The character of Cranmer.** See *Henry VIII*, especially act v. scenes 1 and 2. **St. Francis and St. Dominic.** The founders of the Franciscan and Dominican orders. The description may be found in the *Paradiso*, cantos xi and xii. **Who made Virgil wonder.** The reference is to Caiaphas the high priest, who advised the people to crucify Christ. (*John* xi. 49-51). In the *Inferno* (canto xxiii) he is represented as crucified upon the ground, to be trampled upon by every passerby.

"I noted then
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon him,
Thus abjectly extended on the cross
In banishment eternal."—(Cary's translation.)

Disteso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno esilio. The words are translated in the note above. **Come 'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin.** Like the friar who is confessing a treacherous assassin. This is Pope Nicholas III, whom Dante represents as expiating the sin of selling church preferments. **Temporal and spiritual powers.** Church and state. Recall some of these struggles from your study of mediæval and English history. **Articles.** Formal statements of belief, such as the "thirty-nine articles" of the Church of England.

26. **Break up your fallow ground.** *Jeremiah* iv. 3.

27. **Passion or "sensation."** Trace both these words back to their Latin roots, and explain the relation of their meanings to each other. **The ennobling difference, etc.** Test this statement, and debate the question, giving examples.

28. **The essence of all vulgarity, etc.** Do you agree? Read *Modern Painters*, vol. v, part ix, chapter 7. **Mimosa.** The "sensitive plant," whose leaves shrink from touch.

29. **Not that any feeling possible to humanity, etc.** Is this true? Illustrate. **The great river beyond the sand.** The Nile. **The great continent, etc.** What is meant here? **The River of Life.** *Revelation* xxii. 1, 2. **Angels desire to look into.** *Peter* i. 12. **See noble nations murdered.** Note the follow-

ing: "I am wholly unable to go on with any of my proper work, owing to the horror and shame with which I regard the political position taken by, or rather sunk into by, England in her foreign relations,—especially in the affairs of Italy and Poland."—*Arrows of the Chace*, Letter on the Foreign Policy of England, Oct. 25, 1863.

"Alas! if protests were of any use, men with hearts and lips would have protested enough by this time." . . . "We saw the noble Circassian nation murdered and never uttered word for them. We saw the noble Polish nation sent to pine in ice" (eighty thousand Poles were sent to Siberia in one year 1832), "and never struck blow for them. Now the nation of our future Queen calls to us for help in its last agony, and we round sentences and turn our backs." Letter on the Position of Denmark (in the Dano-Prussian War), July 7, 1864.

30. Its own children. The American Civil War. Why did its effect on the price of cotton interest England? What was the attitude of England toward the War? Read Beecher's *Liverpool Speech*. **Selling opium.** The "opium war" of 1840. China forbade the importation of opium, because of its evil effect upon her people, but England, by declaring war against her, secured the continuance of the trade. **Perplexed i' the extreme.** *Othello*, act v. scene 2. **The love of money.** 1 *Timothy* vi. 10.

31. No sentence, etc. Cf. sect. 12. **Good Samaritan.** *Luke* x. 30-35. **Scorpion whips.** 1 *Kings* xii. 11-14.

32. How much do you think we spend, etc. Can you answer this or any of the following questions referring them to the United States? **A precious thing is all the more precious, etc.** Compare the following passage from Lamb's *Old China*, and read the rest of the essay: "I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor but there was a middle state," so she was pleased to ramble on, "in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those days!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it." **If a book is worth reading, etc.** Discuss this statement fully and read in connection with it the

advice as to buying books in the Preface of 1871. **Sweet as honey.** *Revelation* x. 9, 10. **Barley loaves.** *Matthew* xiv. *John* vi. **Filthy and foolish.** Explain why Ruskin uses these adjectives.

33. We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, etc. What connection has the Observatory with this necessity? **A place for keeping stuffed birds in.** What is it? **If any body will pay for their own telescope.** Is this good usage? **The negation of such discovery, etc.** What does this mean? **Fossils of Solenhofen.** In the quarries of Solenhofen in Bavaria was discovered a fossil archæopteryx, for which consult the *Century Dictionary*. **Professor Owen.** Sir Richard Owen, a distinguished biologist, from 1856 to 1883 head of the natural history department of the British Museum.

34. The Austrian guns. In 1849, when Venice was reconquered by Austria. In the lecture on *War*, in *The Crown of Wild Olive*, Ruskin says: "I have given a considerable part of my life to the investigation of Venetian painting, and the result of that inquiry was my fixing upon one man as the greatest of all Venetians, and therefore, as I believed, of all painters whatsoever. I formed this faith (whether right or wrong matters at present nothing), in the supremacy of the painter Tintoret, under a roof covered with his pictures; and of those pictures, three of the noblest were then in the form of shreds of ragged canvas, mixed up with the laths of the roof, rent through by three Austrian shells."

35. Falls of Schaffhausen. Read Ruskin's description of these falls in *Modern Painters*, quoted on pages xxii-xxiii of this volume. **There is not a quiet valley in England, etc.** Note the following passage from *Fors Clavigera*, v: "There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the vale of Tempe; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the Light—walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get); you thought you could get it by what the *Times* called 'Railroad Enterprise.' You Enterprised a Railroad—you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it; and now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you Fools Everywhere." Read also the passage from the preface to *The Crown of Wild Olive*, quoted on pages xxiii-xxx of this book. **Towers of the Vineyard.** *Isaiah* v. 2.

36. Get the "stones." Be set at stone-breaking for the roads. The "certain passage which some of us may remember," according to Ruskin's note, is *Matthew* vii. 9. Mr. R. K. Root suggests that this is "useless labor" because "in country districts paupers were made to dig holes and fill them up again, performing *useless labor*, that they might not interfere with the employment of others." "**Ere the fresh lawns,**" etc. (*note*). Quoted not quite exactly from Milton's *Lycidas*, 25, 26.

37. Satanelas, Roberts, Fausts. Operas by Balfe, Meyerbeer and Gounod, in which the devil is a character of some importance. **Dio.** Italian for God. What would Ruskin regard as the real significance of the Third Commandment? **The bread of affliction** (*note*). 1 *Kings* xxii. 27. **Lift up his voice**, and the following quotations (*note*): *Isaiah* lviii. 1, 4, 7. **Carburetted hydrogen ghost.** Carburetted hydrogen or illuminating gas was used in 1864, the date of this lecture, to produce an illusion called "Pepper's ghost," from the name of its inventor. **Lazarus.** *Luke* xvi. 20.

38. All these pleasures, etc. What pleasures and what virtues?

39. Idolatrous Jews. *Ezekiel* viii. 7-12.

40. Chalmers. Thomas Chalmers, a great Scotch divine, born 1780, died 1847. **And the reason, etc.** Compare the remark of John Stuart Mill, "I am now convinced that no great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible, until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought."—*Autobiography*, chapter vii.

41. The last of our great painters. J. M. W. Turner, (1774-1851), whom Ruskin regarded as the greatest of modern artists. See Introduction. Ruskin arranged the Turner drawings in the National Gallery in London and had them properly framed and hung there. **So, also, we play, etc.** Explain in simple language precisely what Ruskin means by this figure. **Finger the robes, etc.** What are the robes? What the crowns? Explain the figure. **Hades.** The abode of the dead. **Art thou also become, etc.** *Isaiah* xiv. 9, 10.

42. Mighty of heart, etc. Compare this definition of "advancement in life" with that suggested in section 3. **That old Scythian custom.** From *Herodotus*, book iv, chapter 73. Read Ruskin's poem on the subject, entitled *The Scythian Guest*. **Caina.** That region of the Inferno where Dante represents the treacherous (among them Cain) as punished by standing up to the neck in a

frozen lake. **Elsewhere.** *Munera Pulveris*, section 122, on Government.

43. But I have no words, etc. "From my own chosen masters, Scott and Homer, then, I learned a most sincere love of kings, and dislike of everybody who attempted to disobey them. Only, both by Homer and Scott, I was taught strange ideas about kings, which I find for the present much obsolete; for, I perceived that both the author of the 'Iliad', and the author of 'Waverley,' made their kings or king-loving persons do harder work than anybody else. Tydides or Idomeneus always killed twenty Trojans to other people's one, and Redgauntlet speared more salmon than any of the Solway fishermen, and—what was particularly a subject of admiration to me—I observed that they not only did more, but in proportion to their doings, *got* less than other people—nay, that the best of them were even ready to govern for nothing! and let their followers divide any quantity of spoil or profit."—*Præterita*, vol. i. **Il gran rifiuto.** Italian for "the great refusal," namely, abdication. Quoted from the *Inferno*, iii, 60.

44. Trent cuts you a cantel out, etc. See *Henry IV*, part i, act iii, scene 1. **Go and he goeth.** *Luke* vii. 8, and *Matthew* viii. 9. **Do and teach.** *Matthew* v. 19.

45. The moth and the rust. *Matthew* vi. 19, 20. **Of which the more thieves there were the better.** How can this be true? What are these treasures? **A Fourth kind of treasure.** *Job* xxviii. 12–28, and *Proverbs* iii. 13–18. **Athena.** The Greek goddess of wisdom. **Vulcanian force.** Vulcan was the Greek god of handicraft, the forger of arms. **Delphian cliffs.** The seat of the oracle of Apollo, god of the sun. **Potable gold.** Gold that can be drunk, believed by the alchemists to be an elixir of life. **The path which no fowl knoweth.** *Job* xxviii. 7.

47. The only book, etc. *Unto This Last*, essay iv, *Ad Valorem* footnote.

49. Their text printed, etc. These ideals for the printing and binding of books have been to a degree carried out by the Kelm-scott Press, established by William Morris.

50. Corn laws. Laws imposing a duty on imported grain, hence raising the price of bread.

LECTURE II.—LILIES.

Lilies. Why did Ruskin choose this title for the present lecture? Read the lecture through, with this question in mind, and

then explain. **Septuagint.** The Greek translation of the Old Testament.

51. Likeness of a kingly crown. *Paradise Lost*, ii, 673.

53. Believing that, etc. What relation have these two lectures to one another?

54. As if these could ever be separate, etc. Compare Tennyson's—

“The woman's cause is man's: they rise and fall

Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free.”—*The Princess*.

56. Shakespeare has no heroes. Note Ruskin's idea of a hero, in Sect. 59,—the sentence beginning “Of any disciplined, or consistent character.” Compare this idea with Carlyle's, as set forth in *Heroes and Hero Worship*. **Note broadly, etc.** For all these characters consult a “Reader's Handbook” or dictionary of names, reading, if possible, the plays in which they appear, and determining whether or not you agree with Ruskin's judgment in each case.

57. The catastrophe, etc. Can you suggest other plays of Shakespeare, not mentioned by Ruskin, which either support or tend to overthrow this statement?

59. Walter Scott. Ruskin's early acquaintance with Scott's novels and his high appreciation of them are frequently touched upon in *Præterita*. The first sentence in the first chapter declares: “I am, and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school; (Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's,) I name these two out of the numberless great Tory writers, because they were my own two masters. I had Walter Scott's novels, and the Iliad, (Pope's translation,) for my only reading when I was a child, on week-days.” And later appears the statement, “I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them (the Waverley Novels) than when I did not know the Bible.” **The early romantic poetry.** If you have not already done so, read *The Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, or *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. **Dandie Dinmont, etc.** Deal with these characters according to the suggestions made in the note on Sect. 56, “Note broadly, etc.”

60. Dante's great poem. Read Carlyle's account of Dante and the *Divine Comedy* in *Heroes and Hero Worship* (*The Hero as Poet*). **A Knight of Pisa.** Pannuccio del Bagno Pasano. The poem is translated by Rossetti. **Dante Rossetti.** An English poet and painter, one of the “Pre-Raphaelites.” Read his poem, *The Blessed Damosel*. **The Greek women.** Find out who they were, telling briefly the story in which each appears.

62. Chaucer, Spenser. Who were they? Tell the story of *The Faerie Queene*. **Lawgiver of all the earth,** Moses. *Exodus* ii. 5-10, tells the story referred to here. **Athena.** In *The Queen of the Air* Ruskin discusses at length the meaning of the myth of Athena.

65. Ah, wasteful woman! From Patmore's *Angel in the House, The Betrothal*, part vii, *The Queen*.

67. Each has what the other has not. Read part vii of Tennyson's *The Princess* for the same idea in poetic form.

68. The Place of Peace. Chief among the blessings of his own childhood, Ruskin names the blessing of peace in his home. "I had never," he asserts, "heard my father's or mother's voice raised in any question with each other, nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eye of either. I had never heard a servant scolded; nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever, either done in a hurry, or undone (not done) in due time."—*Præterita*, chap. ii. **Vestal temple.** A temple for the worship of Vesta, the goddess of the hearth. **Household gods.** The *Lares et Penates* of a Roman household, whose shrines stood in every Roman house. **Shade as of the rock.** etc. *Isaiah* xxxii. 2. **Pharos.** The lighthouse at the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria, built by King Ptolemy Philadelphus, and known as one of the seven wonders of the world. **Ceiled with cedar.** etc. *Jeremiah* xxii. 14.

69. La donna e mobile. Italian for "Woman is as inconstant as a feather in the wind," the words of a song in Verdi's opera *Rigoletto*. **"Variable as the shade,"** etc. Scott's *Marmion*, canto vi, stanza 30.

70. That poet, etc. Wordsworth. Read some of Wordsworth's shorter poems, such as those included in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, and, with reference to these poems, explain what Ruskin means by Wordsworth's "exquisite rightness."

71. "A countenance," etc. From Wordsworth's *She Was a Phantom of Delight*. Read the poem.

72. Valley of Humiliation. From *The Pilgrim's Progress*. How does this reference apply to "scientific attainment?" **Children gathering pebbles.** Statement of Sir Isaac Newton, quoted in Brewster's *Memoirs of Newton*, vol. ii, chap. 27: "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than

ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."—It is deeply necessary, etc. Does the end of a woman's education, as described from this point to the end of the paragraph, bear any relation to the "advancement in life" defined by Ruskin in Sect. 42, as the result of education for all individuals? For all who are desolate. From the Litany, in the *Book of Common Prayer* of the Church of England.

73. **Bundle of myrrh.** *Song of Solomon* i. 13.

74. **I believe, then,** etc. Discuss this paragraph thoroughly debating the question, if possible.

76. **But the best romance,** etc. Does an exciting romance necessarily have this effect?

77. **Thackeray.** What did he write?

78. **Her household motions,** etc. From Wordsworth's *Shells*. *Was a Phantom of Delight.*

81. **Christ's Church and Trinity.** Famous colleges of Oxford and Cambridge Universities respectively. Christ's Church was Ruskin's college. **A person whom you let your servants treat** etc. Trollope, in *The Warden*, humorously represents Mrs. Grantly the wife of the archdeacon, as a lady of consequence who "had a first-rate housekeeper with sixty pounds a year" and "an excellent governess with thirty pounds a year."

82. **Joan of Arc.** For the facts of her life see a biographical dictionary or a history of France.

83. **Yet this is what you are doing,** etc. For further evidence of Ruskin's feeling upon this point read the Introduction, **Sharp arrows,** etc. *Psalms* cxx. 3, 4.

84. For the geographical names consult dictionary and atlas.

85. **Christian Minerva.** What is meant by this name? **Sheep having no shepherd.** *Matthew* ix. 36. **While the pleasant places lie desolate,** etc. *Zechariah* vii. 14, *Amos* vii. 3. **An unknown God.** *Acts* xvii. 23.

87. **Power of the royal hand.** The "King's Evil," or scrofula, was long supposed to be cured by the touch of king or queen.

88. **Lady, Lord.** By modern philologists, these words are now said to be differently derived and hence to mean, respectively loaf-kneader and loaf-defender. This change in derivation, does not, however, seriously affect the point made by Ruskin. **Breaking of bread.** *Luke* xxiv. 30, 31, 35.

90. **Rex et Regina.** King and Queen, from the Latin *regere*, past participle *rectus*. What other English words are derived from this root? **Myrtle crown.** In the following passage

Ruskin explains the meaning of the "Crown of Wild Olive." "The heathen, to whose creed you have returned, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest. No proud one! no jeweled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne, only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought; but Jupiter was poor; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a greater than this, they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of *wild olive*, mark you—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with gray leaf and thorn-set stem; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win while yet you live; type of gray honor and sweet rest."—*The Crown of Wild Olive*: Preface. Can you find out anything concerning the myrtle which will enable you to explain in similar fashion why Ruskin chooses it for the crown of womanhood?

91. **Prince of Peace.** *Isaiah ix. 6. Dei gratia.* Latin for "by the grace of God." English coins of Victoria's reign are inscribed with letters standing for the words *Victoria Dei gratia Britanniae Regina*, that is, "Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of Britain."

92. **One entire and perfect chrysolite.** *Othello*, act v. sc. 2.

93. **"Her feet have touched the meadows."** From Tennyson's *Maud*, part i, xii, stanza vi. **"Even the light harebell,"** etc. From *The Lady of the Lake*, canto i, stanza 18. **"Come, thou South,"** etc. *Song of Solomon iv. 6.*

94. **Matilda.** Represented in the *Purgatorio* (canto xxviii) as follows:

"I beheld
A lady all alone, who, singing, went,
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way
Was all o'erpainted."—(Cary's translation.)

Happy Lethe. The river of forgetfulness. **"Come into the garden,"** etc. From Tennyson's *Maud*, Part i, xxii, stanza i. **"The Larkspur listens,"** etc. *Maud*, Part i, xxii, stanza x.

95. **A Madeleine.** The name is related both to Maud and to Matilda. See *John xx. 11-18. The fiery sword. Genesis iii.*

24. To see the fruits of the valley, etc. *Song of Solomon* vi. 11. The sanguine seed. The derivation of the word indicates the color. The pathsides where he has sown. *Matthew* xiii. 4. Take us the foxes, etc. *Song of Solomon* ii. 15. The foxes have holes, etc. *Matthew* viii. 20.

LECTURE III.—THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND ITS ARTS.

96. Religion the foundation of art. Compare the following passage from *The Stones of Venice*, vol. ii, ch. iv, lxii: "I have above spoken of the whole church as a great Book of Common Prayer; the mosaics were its illuminations, and the common people of the time were taught their Scripture history by means of them more impressively perhaps, though far less fully, than ours are now by Scripture reading. They had no other Bible, and . . . could have no other. We find it somewhat difficult to furnish our poor with printed Bibles; consider what the difficulty must have been when they could be given only in manuscript. The walls of the church necessarily became the poor man's Bible, and a picture was more easily read upon the walls than a chapter."

97. For my thoughts have changed, etc. From your study of Ruskin's life state this change in your own words. "What is your life," etc. *James* iv. 14.

98. In connection with this and the following paragraph read Ruskin's study "Of Cloud-Beauty" in *Modern Painters*, vol. v, part vii, or his discussion "Of Truth of Clouds," also in *Modern Painters*, vol. i, part ii, sec. iii, chapters ii-iv. Man walketh in a vain shadow. *Psalms* xxxix. 6. Ruskin quotes the reading of the English prayer book here.

99. The place that knew them, etc. *Psalms* ciii. 16. *Job* vii. 10. Wells without water. *2 Peter* ii. 17.

100. Titian. See a biographical dictionary or a history of Italian painting. Foiled in its favorite aims. Would Ruskin at the present time feel that he had failed in the aim of bringing Turner's artistic powers into due recognition?

101. I had then perfect faith, etc. Does Ruskin mean to imply that he has now no faith in that power or merely that his faith is now less perfect? The greatest painter. J. M. W. Turner. See biographical dictionary or a history of modern painting and the Introduction to this volume, section iv. Reynolds. Sir Joshua Reynolds. See biographical dictionary or a history of

painting. **The uselessness of talking about, etc.** Is such talking altogether useless? Discuss the point fully. **The room in which they hang, etc.** Is this true at the present time? Ask someone who has visited it recently.

102. I had learned my own business thoroughly. Compare the following sentence from the Preface to vol. iii of *Modern Painters*: "I have now given ten years of my life to the single purpose of enabling myself to judge rightly of art, and spent them in labor as earnest and continuous as men usually undertake to gain position, or accumulate fortune." **Snow in summer.** *Prov.* xxvi. 1.

104. Palaces of crystal. The Crystal Palace in London.

105. "Meanwhile opinion gilds," etc. From the *Essay on Man*, epistle ii.

105. Mortal part swallowed up in immortality. *1 Cor.* xv. 54.

107. Our hearts fat, etc. *Isa.* vi. 10. **Lest we should see, etc.** *Isa.* vi. 10.

111. Milton's account. In *Paradise Lost*. **Hesiod's account.** In the *Theogony*, a Greek poem of the eighth century. **Dante's conception.** In the *Divine Comedy*. Read Carlyle on Dante in *The Hero as Poet*. **One dear Florentine maiden.** Beatrice. If you do not know the story of Dante and Beatrice read it in any dictionary of biography.

113. Men of intellectual war, etc. By reference to the lives of Dante and Milton explain why Ruskin uses the words "intellectual war," "personal grief," "their own ambition," etc., in connection with them. **Greater men.** Why does Ruskin regard them as greater? How does Carlyle rank Shakespeare and Dante in *The Hero as Poet*?

114. The great Homeric story. Tell the story of Achilles.

115. Our own poet. Who is meant? **His reading of fate.** Is Ruskin's idea in this paragraph inconsistent with that set forth in sections 56-58 in *Queens' Gardens*? **By petty chance, etc.** Do you remember any play in which the catastrophe occurs because of "momentary folly," "broken message," "fool's tyranny" or "traitor's snare"? **Deathbed of Katharine.** *Henry VIII*, act iv, sc. 8. **Soldier-King.** *Henry V*, act iv, sc. 8. **The gods are just, etc.** *Lear*, act v, sc. 3. **There's a divinity, etc.** *Hamlet*, act v, sc. 2.

118. The child is father of the man. From Wordsworth's poem, *My heart leaps up when I behold*.

119. One last class. Why does Ruskin believe that the

workers can explain to us the mystery of life and of its arts although "the wise religious men" and "the wise contemplative men" and "the wise worldly men" have failed to do so? How has this "one last class" learned about life and its arts? **Hewers of wood**, etc. *Joshua ix. 21.*

120. This message by joining them. Why cannot the workers explain in words the mystery of life? How can we join them? Does Ruskin anywhere tell us this? Did he join them? How?

121. All good work, etc. Discuss this statement fully. **Instinct**. What does the word mean? **The human art is dependent**, etc. Explain this statement, with reference to any specific art with which you are somewhat familiar, such as drawing, painting, poetry or music.

122. It would only be in telling you strange things, etc. Compare *Kings' Treasuries*, sec. 13. **Gustave Doré**. For this and other names of painters mentioned in this paragraph consult a dictionary of biography or a history of painting. **The Furies and the Harpies**. See a classical dictionary. **Social conditions**. On the basis of this statement explain why Ruskin's early interest in art led him to his later interest in social questions.

123. A lecture since published. *The Two Paths*.

124. Missal painter. An illuminator of manuscripts.

126. Past or present relations between Ireland and England. Tell what you know of these from your study of English history.

128. Whatsoever thy hand findeth, etc. *Eccles. ix. 10.*

129. Forest Cantons. Certain districts in Switzerland. **Vaudois Valleys.** The Waldensian valleys in Switzerland. **Garden of the Hesperides.** See classical dictionary. **Our own dominion.** India.

130. She layeth her hands, etc. *Prov. xxxi. 19-24.* **And does not every winter's snow**, etc. State the idea of this sentence in your own words. **I was naked**, etc. *Matt. xxv. 43.*

131. State the argument contained in this paragraph. What homes "consume" children? **"I was a stranger,"** etc. *Matt. xxv. 43.*

132. The lust of the eyes and the pride of life. *1 John ii. 16.* **Walked after the imaginations**, etc. *Jer. xxiii. 17.*

133. Smoke of the torment. *Rev. xiv. 11.* **The twinkling of an eye.** *1 Cor. xv. 52.* **He maketh the winds his messengers.** *Ps. civ. 4.*

134. When he cometh with clouds, etc. *Rev.* i. 7. **Dies Iræ.** Latin for "the day of wrath" or the judgment day.

135. Ananias. *Acts* v. 1-5. "**They that are His,**" etc. *Gal.* v. 24. "**Ready to leave houses,**" etc. *Matt.* xix. 29. **Levi's station in life. . . . Peter's Paul's.** *Mark* ii. 14. *Matt.* iv. 18-20. *Acts* ix. 1-2. **And, whatever our station in life, etc.** How far did Ruskin in his own life fulfill the duties he lays down in this paragraph?

136. The order to us, etc. *Isa.* lviii. 7. **If any man will not work, etc.** 2 *Thess.* iii. 10. **How much work have I done, etc.** Compare the injunction in the preface of 1871 to *Sesame and Lilies*: "You must be to the best of your strength usefully employed during the greater part of the day, so that you may be able at the end of it to say, as proudly as any peasant, that you have not eaten the bread of idleness."

137. Dressing people. For Ruskin's particular directions upon this point see pp. xlv-xlv of this volume. **A consistent dress for different ranks.** This idea is still further developed by Ruskin in connection with the velvet cap and silk gown he was entitled to wear as "Gentleman-Commoner" at Oxford (*Præterita*, vol. i, ch. x): "Yes, good reader, the velvet and silk made a difference, not to my mother only, but to me! Quite one of the telling and weighty points in the home debates concerning this choice of Hercules, had been that the commoner's gown was not only of ugly stuff, but had no flowing lines in it, and was virtually only a black rag tied to one's shoulders. One was thrice a gownsman in a flowing gown."

"So little, indeed, am I disposed now in maturer years to deride these unphilosophical feelings, that instead of effacing distinction of dress at the University (except for the boating clubs), I would fain have seen them extended into the entire social order of the country. I think that nobody but duchesses should be allowed to wear diamonds; that lords should be known from common people by their stars, a quarter of a mile off; that every peasant girl should boast her country by some dainty ratification of cap or bodice; and that in the towns a vintner should be known from a fishmonger by the cut of his jerkin."

138. A great deal of vigorous legislation. What has been done by this means in America? **Vested interests.** Property interests held on such terms that they cannot be done away with except for public benefit upon due compensation. **I myself have washed, etc.** See Introduction to this volume, pp. xxxiv-xxxv.

139. **Everybody will become in their own way.** Is this construction in good literary use? Can you find a similar construction elsewhere in this same paragraph?

140. **Lord, I thank thee, etc.** *Luke xviii. 11.* **The greatest of these, etc.** *1 Cor. xiii. 13.*

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